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A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 120 (2280).—VOL. V. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1860.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 13, 1860.

## REVIEWS.

## A CRUISE IN THE PACIFIC.\*

THERE are few places more full of interesting associations than the Islands of the Pacific Ocean. They are the scene of the earliest and most absorbing stories of our childhood. The very first books which an intelligent lad gets hold of, and which get hold of an intelligent lad, are Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," "Robinson Crusoe," Captain Cook's "Voyages Round the World," and the "Mutiny of the Bounty." The first of these, it is true, can scarcely be considered to have its place of action in the Pacific Ocean, but of the others, "Robinson Crusoe" would not have been written if there had been no Juan Fernandez; Captain Cook's "Voyages" are nowhere so interesting or strange as when they tell of Otaheite and its natives, and Owhyhee is ever famous as the scene of Cook's tragic death; the mutineers of the bounty took refuge on Pitcairn's Island; and the very name of the Sandwich Islands brings to mind the old descriptions of cool, verdant dells, crystal pools, gigantic trees, rich-coloured flowers, birds with gay plumage and notes of gorgeous melody, and above all, the swarthy savages, so fond of beads, and rings, and knives, so hospitable and so cruel. It is not a little refreshing, therefore, to find ourselves carried away once more, in maturer years, to those regions of untutored nature, where art and civilisation have not penetrated, but all seems to exist as when fresh from the Creator's hand, and where everything in the moral and physical world is pregnant with instruction. We need not visit the Pacific Islands in the spirit of Rousseau or Montaigne, nor come to the conclusion that the giants of Patagonia, or the Adonis of the Marquesas, is a more admirable object than the disciplined but trammelled inhabitant of more conventional climes. At the same time, narratives of travel amidst wild and barbarous tribes, whilst to the many they are only sources of amusement or are merely read to interest the imagination, contain a plentiful supply of material for the consideration of the more speculative mind of the philosopher. To the artist, the Fiji islander is interesting as a study of the picturesque; to the physiologist, as confirmation of a theory or subject for an experiment; to the preacher, as showing the original degradation of man, and the necessity for divine assistance; to the metaphysician, as supporting the experimental or the intuitional origin of ideas; to the inquirer into the beginning of society, as showing the germ of the civilised man, the raw material of humanity before the operation of the laws of social development.

We are quite assured that the author of the two volumes before us entertained not the slightest idea of all this. He is a genuine sailor, and the book is written in the spirit and with the style of a genuine sailor. An intense appreciation of natural beauty, whether in men or landscapes, an earnest and downright sense of enjoyment of everything, even hardship and privation, and a fair power of expression, combine to make "A Cruise in the Pacific" very pleasant and not uninteresting reading. So much for the author. But the title-page tells us that the volumes have been edited by Captain Fenton Aylmer, and we are

curious to know what Captain Fenton Aylmer has done by way of editing. An editor is vulgarly supposed to revise the work of the author, as the first of all editorial duties, but we can scarcely give much credit to Captain Fenton Aylmer for the way in which he has executed this portion of his task. We are compelled to pronounce him guilty either of ignorance or of editorial carelessness of the grossest kind. We may pardon a sailor slight errors of composition, but when the sailor has employed an editor, we expect to find these errors disappear at a wave of the editorial pen. For instance, a fat priest is said to be "very hot and not melliferous." Surely we have no right to require a priest to perform the secreting functions of a bee. What would Captain Fenton Aylmer say if we were to avow ourselves "unsatisfied" with his method of editing? Yet such is the form which he prefers. Again, the author tells us that he "was roused about four hours after, shook, and taken to one of the coolest fountains," &c. It seems to us that the editor deserves to be shook for allowing such a mistake to escape him. Possibly, however, Captain Fenton Aylmer has confined his editing to the insertion of excessively mild bits of poetry at the beginning of each chapter, and not appropriate in spite of their mildness. For example, on his principle, we might expect to find a chapter on Indian savages with a prefix from Dr. Watts, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite"—or the description of a moonlight night in the Pacific introduced by the celebrated verse "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." We have a third theory about Captain Fenton Aylmer and his editing, namely, that he has supplied the passages so full of religious fervour, which are found in odd juxtaposition with glowing accounts of the Bacchantes of the Fiji Islands, of flirtations at Valparaiso, or of the "bewitching beauties" of the Marquesas—constituting a species of Mosaic as unique as if one were to alternate the verses of the Morning Hymn with one of Tom Moore's songs. This careless or obtrusive mode of editing, however, scarcely interferes with the general interest of the work.

Our author starts with a description of Madeira, but as it contains nothing new or original, we need not join him until his arrival in the famous bay of Rio de Janeiro, the River of January. This name was given in the year 1531, by De Sousa, who, imagining the harbour to be the mouth of a river, called it after the month in which he discovered it. The entrance to the bay is all but unrivalled for beauty. The splendid view unfolds itself like a grand panorama. The ship entered by a "natural gateway of high rocks," and gradually the distant ranges of hills, the green valleys, and the lines of cool-looking houses, became more and more distinct, more and more beautiful—the golden sky overhead, the verdant slopes on the land, and the blue waters of the bay, forming a rare combination of splendid colouring. At last, the capital itself bursts upon the view, stretching for miles along the bay, and reaching back to the line of the Tijuca mountains. The enormous expanse of the Bay of Rio Janeiro may be guessed from the fact that a squadron of her Majesty's ships can get under way and go through the various evolutions as at sea, within its compass. At least, our author declares that he has seen it done. Admiration and wonder at the magnificence of the scene soon yielded, however, to an urgent desire to obtain possession of the letters which were waiting for the sailors at the post-office of Rio. This establishment seems by no means to be conducted on so good a system as we might have expected in a city

which is the seat of the Brazilian government, and which maintains very extensive commercial relations with England. All the newspapers and literature are piled up in disorderly heaps, and you may go and select your own and those of your friends without any ceremony. The heaps, instead of being arranged by a division into names, are simply formed according to the place whence the letters came. Rio has its Regent Street, or region of shops full of all sorts of splendid and expensive articles. The streets present a singular and picturesque spectacle to one unused to the bright climate and brighter costumes of South America—of ladies walking about in the public streets in drawing-room costume, of Brazilian exquisites, and of people of all varieties of complexion, colour, and attire. Rio, however, has its unpicturesque side:—

"A fresh earthy perfume pervades the air, with now and then the sweet breath of jasmine or roses. You stand enchanted; suddenly a cry of 'Tigers' is uttered; new-comers are thunderstruck. Tigers in Rio!—impossible—no one will believe it. 'Then stay and look out,' shouts an old hand, as he closes the windows, and leaves you eagerly watching, half fancying they are hoaxing you. A moment more, and you too rush frantically at the window, hammering with one hand for admittance, while the other is busily grasping your nasal organ, lucky if you can escape without parting with your dinner. Then amidst roars of laughter, as you inhale eau-de-Cologne, cigars, anything one is used to, you are informed you have smelt the Rio 'tigers,' finding, on examination, that this is the local name for the slaves employed in conveying the contents of what would in other places be confined in a sewer to the beach, where the sea carries all away. Strange to say, there is no such thing as a drainage company in Rio, although some people are planning a large work of the kind."

The climate of Rio is not, it would appear, so bad as one is inclined to suppose. Though the heat is intense at times, breezes from the sea and the hill-tops, and the heavy rains, diffuse a grateful coolness, and render the temperature tolerably equable. Within a few hours' journey are numerous sanatoria, pleasanter and prettier than the hill retreats of Northern Hindostan. The stay at Rio passed away pleasantly enough amidst flirtations and picnics, and not a few on board the ship regretted the dark eyes and merry smiles they had left behind.

Continuing the voyage southwards, towards Cape Horn—passing by the Isle of Lobos and Monte Video—our author and his ship arrived at Buenos Ayres, after a dangerous and wearisome navigation up the Rio de la Plata, or Silver River. Of Buenos Ayres we are not told much, except that it is an unimportant town, built partly on a reclaimed swamp, and that its houses are built round square courts.

The Falkland Islands, the next place of stoppage, seem by no means pleasant places of sojourn. The inhabitants are nearly all desirous to get away, says the author; and it is impossible to find what the people do with themselves, except eat, drink, sleep, and talk scandal. However, our voyagers found enough to do in shooting rabbits, trying to shoot the wild cattle, and watching the Guachos lasso bulls. After three days' stay at the Falklands, the ship was taken, not round the dreaded Horn, but through the Straits of Magellan, which, as our geographical readers are aware, separate Tierra del Fuego from the mainland. This passage, though very hazardous under unfavourable circumstances, was on the present occasion safely and easily accomplished, and the author found himself fairly in the Pacific. Here a violent squall drove them to take refuge in the bay of Don Carlos, off the Island of

\* *A Cruise in the Pacific, from the Log of a Naval Officer Edited by Captain Fenton Aylmer. In 2 vols. (London: Hurst and Blackett. 1860.)*

Chiloe—a place of which it is said that “it rains six days, and is cloudy the seventh,” so that the discomfort of the sojourn there was no matter of surprise. The inhabitants are able, in broken English, to say enough to express their desire of entering into commercial relations with any sailors who may visit their desolate isle, but as they display also a great ignorance of the most elementary rules of fair dealing, they are on the whole not very desirable people to make a bargain with.

Chiloe is about the same size as the Isle of Arran, being one of the largest islands off the west coast of South America. The soil is uncultivated, and covered with gigantic forest trees; the cattle are poor and half-starved. The people are lost in poverty and dirt, and morality is at a low ebb, “the women indulging in every vice they can, and holding virtue in thorough contempt.” The change from so dismal a spot to a large town like Valparaiso, with an opera and an exchange and a post-office, must have been in no small degree pleasant, though Valparaiso itself is open to many serious complaints, and, as one sits in a London parlour, may even appear as dismal as Chiloe. A city where murders and robberies are such ordinary occurrences, as they would seem to be in Valparaiso, certainly cannot be very pleasant quarters. The author narrates one or two incidents, of which he was himself a witness, which are far from making us desirous of seeing the Chilean capital. One Sunday afternoon, as a party, of whom the author was one, were walking to the cricket ground, a German came up, and having obtained permission to join them, proceeded to explain that as he had come along there in the morning he had been robbed of his watch and purse. Before they had advanced very far, they saw what seemed to be a portion of petticoat sticking out from beneath a large stone. Upon rolling the stone away, which they accomplished with some labour, they discovered the body of a girl, dressed as for a ball: she had been murdered and robbed, and then the rock had been rolled upon her. On another occasion, the author caught sight of a man hiding in a ditch, with a large stone ready to throw as soon as he had passed; whereupon, with admirable coolness, he marched straight up to the ruffian, and showing the six barrels of his revolver well charged, abused him in the best available Spanish, in the midst of which the intended assassin sneaked away.

These brigand adventures, however, were only occasional, and possibly answered the purpose of “giving animation to the scene,” like the French troops in Savoy. The travellers were forcibly reminded of home by the foxhounds, of which a subscription pack is kept. There are between fifteen and twenty couples of them—all, or nearly all, being imported. The Chileans are astonished at the trouble we take in hunting a fox, they themselves always being provided with a lasso.

The author is as usual enthusiastic about the fair sex of Valparaiso, whose bright eyes and soft Spanish seem to have made as much impression upon his susceptible heart as the ladies of Rio had done before, or as the more unrestrained beauty of the female Fiji did after. Speaking of the natives of the district of Quilota the author says:—

“The natives drink terribly, especially during a journey, when you seldom see them sober. Aquadenta, a strong, fiery, and very nasty spirit, is their favourite. A few of the aborigines are still left, and have districts appropriated to them by the Spanish rule. I paid a visit to one, and was glad to get away; they have completely lost

caste, and have degenerated into dirty, idle, drunken peasants, content to eke out their existence from month to month, existing rather than living in wretched hovels, through which the wind whistles at will; and though happily requiring no ventilation, this is never thought of, the only light or chance of air being through the door-way, which is divided in half, just as you see what in the north of England they call cow byres.”

One of the most extraordinary characteristics of the more civilised portion of Chili is the gross immorality of the priesthood. We are told that women consider themselves honoured by illicit connections with the priests, and that the children which result from such shameless intercourse are “dedicated to the church as free of sin, and elect.” The universal character of the South American priesthood seems to be the same—unblushing, licentious, and guilty of all the most degrading human vices.

Juan Fernandez is a delightful spot, abounding in fruit and bright flowers, with an air soft and warm; the author naturally considers it rather an enviable residence than otherwise. No doubt it is admirably suited for a Ramadhan or month of solitude, but we decidedly question whether the author himself would endure its lonely beauty for a much longer time.

Pitcairn's Island is of very limited extent, being only four and a half miles in circumference, and one and a half in length. The old natives were persuaded to emigrate to Otaheite, but they soon found their life as desolate and wearisome as did the Jews in Babylon, and they were permitted to return. Their emigration, however, was not unattended by important consequences, and in spite of the remonstrances of the older men, distillation of rum was carried on to a very large extent. The story of the adventurer who presented himself to them as Lord Hill, and as being endowed with Government authority, and then availed himself of their credulity and obedience to treat them with the utmost cruelty, is too well known to our readers to need repetition. One cannot but feel the deepest pity for these poor superstitious wretches, who are thus open and helpless against the cruel imposition of the more civilised European. After all, there are civilised Europeans now prominently before the public eye, to whom we may equally extend our pity, as poor superstitious wretches.

Our author's account of Otaheite and its queen, Pomare, is very interesting, though we confess we are inclined to distrust his statement that the nation show a strong dislike to their French masters, and an equally strong affection for the English. Pomare dined on board the ship, and after dinner her Majesty enjoyed a rubber, in which the author had the honour of being her partner. The King, we are told, is a mere nonentity, invariably wearing an enormous cocked hat, and holding his tongue—a triumphant spectacle for the “English-woman's Journal.” Of the Queen's two sons, one is a confirmed drunkard; the other is a “gentlemanlike fellow, and a good son.”

The picture of Ramatara is so pleasant that we cannot forbear quoting it. Ramatara, put down in some of the maps as Rimitera, is one of the outer circle of the Society Islands, though not commonly reckoned amongst them:—

“Nothing could exceed its gem-like beauty as we first caught sight of it, glowing in the morning light—its white shores bathed by the blue ocean, and the green hill actually appearing to laugh in the sunlight, the rich woods in many places bending to touch the sparkling waves.

“No sooner was it evident that we intended to anchor than a dozen little canoes shot off through the surf, and were alongside in an incredibly short time. The natives were all decently clothed, quiet and respectful in their demeanour, and altogether

different from anything I had expected. More than ever I was surprised to hear many of them answer in very good English, and invariably use the word ‘Sir’ in addressing us.

“I was one of the first to go on shore, and was soon seated in a snug cottage, in a rough but comfortable arm-chair, with three or four of the native teachers conversing with me, asking a host of questions about England, and the places we had lately visited: when they heard we had just come from Otaheite, I saw two of them flush with delight, and discovered they were natives of that place, and had left it some years before to teach the Gospel to their neighbours. All their relations were subjects of Queen Pomare, but they assured me they did not intend to go back, trusting to meet again in the world to come.

“I attended their church, looked into their schools, saw them at their own firesides, bowed with them in family worship, and in their gratitude for ‘our daily bread,’ and would to God I could look back with the same degree of respect and gratification to our sojourn among other islands in the Great Pacific.

“One single example will illustrate the high degree of civilisation they have attained: some of us dined every day with the teachers, and invariably sat down to a table covered with a white cloth, ate with knives and forks off crockery plates, and drank out of cups and horns.”

With one more extract we must bring our remarks to a close. It refers to a ferocious custom prevailing amongst the Indians of British Columbia. Their chief is elected by the pretended divination of the medicine-man, and his election is consummated in the following extraordinary way:—

“Immediately upon the man selected becoming aware of his good fortune, he retires into the woods for a certain time to commune with the good spirit, who is supposed to come on purpose to instruct him in the best method of governing the people and fulfilling the trust reposed in him.

“The duration of this voluntary seclusion depends upon the man's health and strength, his food being always exhausted many days before he returns; and when he does make his appearance, he is a hideous object, unwashed, emaciated, torn with wild shrubs, and his bloodshot eyes glaring with the fire of insanity.

“He comes back at the dead of night, when all are at rest and unsuspecting, and the first notice of his return is his appearance in a lodge, not through the door-way, but by tearing away a portion of the roof, through which he scrambles down, and seizing one of the inmates with his teeth, tears off a mouthful of flesh, which he swallows. He then goes to repeat the same scene at another and another hut; until, perfectly exhausted, and in a measure intoxicated by his horrible feast, he falls down in a sort of trance, in which state he may continue some days, eating nothing and unconscious of everything.

“The poor wretches who have contributed to the chief's repast must bear their agony in silence, merely stopping the bleeding by the application of eagle-down or a plaster of pine gum.”

We have only been able to give a very short notice of this highly interesting work, but we believe we have said enough to make all our readers desirous of perusing its contents. We are firmly convinced that there can be no healthier or more fitting literature for the needs of our time than narratives of travel in uncivilised regions. It is now admitted that in order to retain the due equilibrium of our nature, it is expedient for us to take every opportunity of studying ages and countries, whose spirit is directly counter to the tendencies of our own age and our own country. It is expedient for us to leave the smoky atmosphere of London, and inspire, if only in imagination, the gales of the Pacific; to quit for a time the conventionalities of the life which surrounds us for the ruder conventionalities of the life of those savage islanders. We can scarcely realise to ourselves that whilst we write, Queen Pomare

is holding her barbarous court, with her husband and his invariable cocked-hat by her side; the savage chieftain is perhaps at this moment tearing the flesh of his infatuated subjects, or roaming the woods in royal seclusion; the inhabitants of dreary Chiloe are crouching round the fire of logs, and gazing hopelessly over the blue sea or more dismal land. It is good for us to recall this from time to time, if we would become many-sided and endorse the trite doctrine of Terence, that being men we should think that all human things concern us—

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, Cæcus, sermones."

#### A TURKISH TREATISE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.\*

"A MAN OF WAR is built in less time than an Oriental scholar can be launched out ready to converse with natives and capable of procuring supplies, gathering information, &c., &c.," says the learned Professor Max Müller, in the preface to his "Languages of the Seat of War." Considering that our authorities are certainly not precipitate in the increase of our naval defences, the above would seem to reduce the chances for the preparation of an Oriental scholar to a minimum. This we always felt, and we could not help foreseeing the evil consequences likely to result from the little encouragement given in this country, by either Government or the Universities, to the cultivation of Oriental languages, compared with the patronage afforded to them by other countries, such as France, Austria, Prussia, and even Denmark,—countries that have far less important interests at stake in the East than has Great Britain. We were, therefore, somewhat startled when the above book, lithographed in the Arabic character from the author's own handwriting, and chastely illuminated, was placed before us, which pretended to be an original composition in Turkish by Mr. Charles Wells of King's College, London, and a composition on no less a subject than political economy. We were almost inclined to smile at the "spirit," not to make use of another term, of any European attempting to do what the greatest Orientalist had declared to be impossible, and recollected Burckhardt Barker's more sweeping than learned assertion in his Turkish grammar, where he makes the student "aware of the perfect impossibility of representing civilised ideas in so barbarous a language, which is devoid of all terms, save those of primitive use for the common necessities of life." And another remark of the same scholar, which is as curious as it is correct, so far as it portrays the present general state of things, "so when anything out-of-the-way is expressed, the composer or a man on his part is required to accompany the document to explain it." What a pleasing occupation, for Mr. Wells to go to every reader of his work to explain its meaning! We sincerely wish he may not have the fate of a Turkish scribe of whom it is related that on being asked to write a letter, he replied "he could not, because, being lame, he was unable to accompany the missive to read it, no one being able to decipher his writing." However, on looking into the book, and seeing the masterhand which now had used a Turkish idiom, now a favourite proverb or quotation from an Eastern writer, in order to make important lessons intelligible to the mind of the Oriental, at other times had coined new words for the Turkish language from accepted "roots," in order to give the

terms for abstract ideas, we felt proud, as Englishmen, that it was one of our countrymen who, never having been to the East, had from studies pursued at one of our colleges under the supervision of Professor Leitner, and diligent private research and comparison with the standard Oriental works at home, established by his book, in the very fact of its production apart from its intrinsic merits, a period and a landmark in Turkish literature, and taken the initiative in introducing into the East Anglo-Oriental literature.

The aim which the writer seems to have had in view is to show by what means the prosperity of a nation is best acquired and secured. Wealth being the source of a nation's prosperity, the essay might very appropriately bear the title of the immortal work of Adam Smith. It divides itself into two parts: the first (extending to page 55) treats of the acquisition of wealth, the second (from page 55 to the end) considers the means taken by civilised nations to secure wealth. The concluding chapter, in particular, argues the advantage or rather the necessity, of the adoption of inventions and discoveries as well as of the cultivation of friendly intercourse between all nations. As may be supposed, the writer has found occasion in his essay to dispel numerous prejudices floating in the minds of the Turks. At times he avails himself of those very prejudices to impress them with more liberal ideas. Thus, for instance, when desirous of making them understand the folly of resisting progress and civilisation, he speaks somewhat to this effect:—"We have seen that through free scope being given to new inventions, individual energy, and mutual toleration, nations have prospered. This we may therefore believe to be the means predestined by God to raise a nation, and verily we are not those who resist predestination." (Chap. ix., sec. 7.) This is certainly an argument that will tell with such fatalists as we know the Turks to be. Mr. Wells particularly impresses upon them the evil consequences of the deterioration of coin, which is certainly a case in point, when we remember the wretched financial condition of Turkey. Then, again, he points out that the establishment of railways in a country is attended by an increase of traffic, which he had previously proved was the best means of raising the prosperity of a country. The advantages of national banks are also very forcibly pointed out. In fact, we feel certain that if all the wise maxims Mr. Wells has laid down in his book had been known and acted upon by the government of Turkey for the past fifty years, that country would be amongst the most prosperous of European states, and we could look without any apprehension upon intrigues which any Power might carry on there, in the assurance that no interests could be stronger than those of commerce, and that therefore nothing could alienate Turkey from an alliance with England. It is a strange coincidence that now, when the statesmen of Europe measure the existence of Turkey by days, a book should be, for the first time, given forth to the world, telling the Turks how to govern, when, perhaps, they will have no longer any chance of governing at all. We do not, however, forget that in the days when Poland was yet a mighty empire, every writer from Cantemir downwards sought to ingratiate his tale with the Christian public by prophesying the speedy downfall of Turkey, and logically pointing out the causes from within and without that must necessarily bring about such a result. There is much, however, in the Turkish character of what is good, and of what would be truly noble when purified by the adoption of the sublimity of Christian faith.

Without being uncharitable, we therefore venture to point out to all those who prophesy the speedy dismemberment of Turkey, the case of that learned Frenchman, who with an amazing amount of ability, and from scientific reasoning based on the decimating influences of Ottoman social life, and other causes from within and from without, proved that after a certain number of years there would be just one Turk left. He lived to that period himself, and, travelling in the East, received a severe thrashing at the hands of a Turkish mob whose anger he had roused, and whose numbers amounted to many more than he had fondly anticipated would at this time have been in existence. We must return, however, to the writer before us, and we hasten to give some specimens of his style. His first chapter, we may notice *en passant*, is very much inferior, both in style, substance, and handwriting, to the following ones, and the writer does not as yet seem to have emancipated himself from the *gène* undoubtedly caused by the feeling of being, as he calls it, "the first Englishman who had ventured on so bold a step as composing originally in Turkish." We translate literally. He begins with the very *à propos* sentence—"In the name of God: may His glory increase and His blessings become universal." "The first chapter explains the primitive state of man and the advantages of division of labour."—"In the beginning men hunted and fished. On the flesh of the animals they caught and the vegetables they found they existed, and for clothes they put on the skins of the animals they caught, and they knew no other wants but eating and drinking. But one day going out to the hunt and nothing coming into their hand (i.e., finding nothing), their bellies became hungry. Without resource feeling the pangs of hunger, 'to this evil what remedy shall we do?' saying, plunging into the sea of meditation, in their minds this thought they made, that they would take the animals alive and subdue or tame them, and keep and guard them till they should be wanted," &c. We notice that Mr. Wells adopts the received opinion as regards the course of civilisation in preference to that adopted by Schlegel and other eminent thinkers, who contend for the immutability of barbarous tribes. Perhaps Mr. Wells has been induced to adopt his own opinion, from the certainty that the Turks would look with no favour upon any other, such as Schlegel's. He then gradually becomes more elaborate—never, however, losing sight of his having to inculcate elementary lessons in a primitive manner to primitive readers. Some of the new words we consider peculiarly happy, such as *taqsim aml* for "division of labour," *imânet banka* "bank of deposit," whilst we rather grumble at having "capital" called *sirmaye*, and the word *national* in "national bank," being rendered "*millet*." We would rather suggest *rass ulmal* for the first, and *devlet* for the second, as we know from personal hearing that *devlet* is used for the Ottoman empire as a whole, and *millet* more particularly for each composing nationality in that empire. Another feature in this work is the play of words and jingle of rhymed prose, so congenial to an Oriental reader; they are in general very *à propos* and have been well handled by Mr. Wells. Another feature of the work is what we may be allowed to call the "impersonation" of leading principles. For instance, the introduction of paper-money and the nature of promissory notes are brought vividly before the mind of the Oriental, by making a merchant ask another for a loan, and that with all the speeches used by Easterns on such occasions. We have no fear that the Turkish reader will

\* *Im Tedbirî Mülk*. "The Science of the Administration of a State," or an Essay on Political Economy in Turkish: being the first ever written in that language. By Charles Wells, Turkish Prize-man of King's College, London. (Published by Williams & Norgate.)

take these and similar stories for anything more than they are intended, knowing very well that the minds of the Orientals are pleased with a travesty of ordinary facts, and apt, if anything, to find even allegories where none usually exist. Here is another specimen of the style of our writer. Speaking of the confidence engendered in a merchant by the wise protection given to commerce, he says, chapter ii:—

"Consequently the things which he produced being more valuable (owing to the wise division of labour then supposed to exist), in exchange for them he obtained a greater quantity of the productions of other lands, and the perfection of their workmanship becoming more celebrated, his customers became more numerous, and his goods found a ready sale. Thus the body of the people being prosperous, wished the government to be firm for the safety of their own property, and were obedient and loyal, and became the support of the government against those who wished to make the building of order a waste of destruction. And saying 'let us not be the target of the arrow, and the prey of the sword'—'let us be saved from the plagues of war and disorder' according to the saying 'the load does cry for the toil' (by this is meant, when a person has property, he does not or ought not to mind being taxed in proportion) they did not grumble to pay the expenses of government in time of peace and war."

We will give the concluding words of the essay, and so take leave of this remarkable little volume:—

"Let us open our eyes or others will open them," do the wise say; and may no nation fortifying the cause of refusal, whilst other nations around them go forward, and from day to day acquire firmness, refuse to proceed in the road of progress, but knowing opportunities bring riches (equivalent, we suppose, to our 'time is money'), if a new invention makes its appearance, welcoming and honouring it, let them become partakers in the pursuit of universal prosperity, and in the road of the acquisition of wealth, with the nations of the whole inhabited world becoming fellow-travellers, let the bond of friendship with the strong cord of commerce be firmly bound.

(Pernian verse)

'My intention was advice, I have said it  
I have put my trust in God, and now I go.'

"Those who may condescend to cast a glance at this, are requested and begged that they will forgive all errors and omissions in pardon, and (me) the faint-hearted and humble (writer) with their good prayers make glad.

(Verse)

'Since to this place have reached the words (Kalaam),  
It is fitting that I conclude and give you the salaam.'

We may offer our best salaams to the undaunted scholar, who has ventured on this herculean task—a task, too, which is pregnant with important consequences, however unapparent as yet. But if our advice had been asked, we should have said that the book ought to have been printed and not lithographed, and if the latter course was resolved upon, the common "Sulus" hand ought to have been used, and not the less legible, though superior, "Ricca" hand, which is more adapted to writing letters than books. Besides we see that the lithographer has, to use a technical term, "smashed" a great number of words, and made them extremely difficult to read. In several instances we have only been enabled to make out the probable meaning through the context. On the whole, however, the book presents a very good appearance, and is almost a drawing-room ornament, as it is very neatly bound, and in the extreme "curious." There are two lessons which we would draw for our own use from this work. In the first place, it has always seemed to us that the Turkish language, which, for the sake of philology, we hope will continue to be cultivated, is pre-eminently adapted to science and literature. The great Orientalists said it was

not so, and we submitted; but now we appear to have the contrary proved to us. The great Orientalists might have done more than our young author, but they were frightened like Barker by the crowded abundance of words, which were wrongly used by native semi-literati, and which they took for poverty of language. The words are existent in Turkish, but it is needful to assign them their logical place. As soon as the laws of that language become fixed, we shall see the great combination of "thought in words" resulting from three great types of the most important families of language of the earth—the Arian, Turanian, and Shemitic—a combination which, in the elegant and intellectual Persian for the Arian, the sonorous and poetical Arabic for the Shemitic, and the primitive, melodious Turcoman for the Turanian, form "the Turkish language" of the learned Easterns. Where, indeed, is there again such a combination? Even the Turkish of the vulgar we are far from despising, as seems to be the fashion with some savans, for even there we notice that euphonious combination of consonants and vowels following each other, so characteristic of Turanian dialects, which have often sounded to our ears like "the untutored thrilling of the nightingale." At any rate, we hope for the general cultivation and encouragement of this and all Oriental languages in this country—a study which is not inferior in importance to the "classical" languages, as far as the training of the mind is concerned. We, therefore, trust that the universities will speedily adopt Professor Max Müller's suggestion, and from their large endowments establish lucrative Oriental scholarships and fellowships. King's College, London, has taken the lead in awarding the first prize, but this only points out what may yet be done. But the far more important lesson which we would endeavour to enforce, is the duty which the Government has long shirked. Everybody knows the wretched system of employing natives as interpreters and consuls in the East, who, of course, with some few exceptions, are entirely deficient in every good quality wanted in a public servant, and who exercise a baleful influence on the embassies of this country. Whatever be the case, it is obvious that the interests of this country would be better served if offices of responsibility were entrusted to Englishmen. We have a large body of well-educated young men who would be willing to go to the East, and who may be made to qualify themselves in the languages of the country they may have to be sent to. Thoroughly competent Englishmen, who, like Sir Henry Rawlinson, are able to converse with the natives without having recourse to the deficient, and often doubtful, intermedium of the interpreter, become most powerful centres of influence for England in the East. We may pay our national character the compliment of saying that, as soon as it is understood by the Easterns, it is highly esteemed; but we seldom give them an opportunity of understanding it. Our influence there—now almost totally gone—is natural; that of France or Russia an acquired one. In fact, there are many more features in common between us and the Easterns than may be supposed at the first glance. Some have ascribed this to the influences of our insular position, as making us more natural than our continental friends. The Easterns admire us for our gravity, love of comfort, and appreciation of generosity, in all of which qualities they often excel Occidentals. "Surely," we have heard them say, "perfection dwelleth in these men (the English), since their demeanour is stately, and countenance demure, and speech

slow; they are not like the French, whose souls are as unsteady as the hats on their heads." Nevertheless the latter have, through persevering energy and great general shrewdness, insinuated themselves into every affair, and identified their interests with those of the natives, more than, we fear, we ever shall. They maintain, partly or wholly, 250 schools in the East; we maintain four. Their consuls inquire into everything, get acquainted with everybody, and thus become influential; ours, who generally live a secluded life, to speak with Mr. Redhouse, in the preface to his "Anglo-Turkish Dictionary," "may stay twenty years in the country without knowing one word of the language;" whilst, on the other hand, we have native consuls who do not know one word of English, and who are entrusted with watching over English interests! It is imperative that England should gather round her all those whose community of political and religious interests connect them with her. If, therefore, as some argue, a tenth part of our *employés* should be natives, in order, as they say, that a personal link may exist between the embassy and the country, we see no reason why native Protestants should not, *ceteris paribus*, be preferred to those who from association and religion may more reasonably be supposed to be under the influence of France and Russia than that of England.

Incidentally, we may refer to the late disturbance at Constantinople as highly illustrative of what we have advanced. When those of the Armenian nation who have seceded to Protestantism recently wished to bury one of their dead, the Gregorian Armenians attacked them, and, as we are informed by a trustworthy eye-witness, shouted, "If you are Englishmen, we are Russians," thus giving their religious quarrels a political significance. It is useless for us to endeavour to give them more correct impressions; nationality is merged there into religion; they will call every Protestant an Englishman, every Roman Catholic a Frenchman, every Greek a Russian, &c., &c.; and our best policy, therefore, is to avail ourselves of things as they are, and afford all possible protection to those who profess the same religion with us. Therefore, if practicable and convenient, that one-tenth of our *employés* should be Protestant natives, assuredly the other nine-tenths should be Englishmen. There are many ways in which these might be tested: the base of operation of the India Board of Examiners might be extended; appointments might be given away through one of our colleges to competent men, as has in a moderate degree been the case with the Chinese appointments; or an "Ecole des Langues Orientales," as in France, might be established, where any young man might be able to go and thoroughly qualify himself in languages, in addition, of course, to possessing other mental and moral qualifications. It is absurd to say that we cannot acquire languages: the book before us deals sufficiently with that objection; but there is no encouragement given to us to study them, as in most other countries, and our practical sense revolts against "studying for the sake of studying," that favourite phrase with Germans. Public opinion must be brought to bear upon our government; the free civil service competition has already been an homage to it. We have some reason to think that the matter will be taken up, and that our government will eventually resort to the more natural and economical system of employing our own countrymen. As it is, we are paying doubly (the consuls, &c., and the interpreters). But what is far more im-

portant than any pecuniary consideration, is the certainty that our influence will extend to unimagined dimensions when a race of scholars like Rawlinson, Max Müller, Burnes, and, may we add, Wells, are enabled to disseminate European ideas and advance English interests. It is almost too late, as France and Russia have a great start; but "better late than never."

#### HAND-BOOK FOR SOUTH WALES AND ITS BORDERS.\*

LONDON is fairly empty, and "use does not so breed a habit in a man" but he will say—

"The shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."

The pleasant but occasional gleams of sunshine in St. Martin's summer, are enticing the few stragglers left behind to avail themselves of the opportunity, and enjoy at least a fortnight's holiday. There is no time left for a trip to the Continent; sportsmen are turning back from the Highlands with empty game-bags; and excursion tickets have nearly reached their period of duration. Wales, however, is within easy distance, and may be visited at no great outlay of expense; so that Mr. Murray's volume, though issued late in the season, does not appear altogether inopportune. We cannot fail to notice two important facts in this volume with the well-known red covers—one is, that it looks a poor, emaciated, little production when compared with the portly, comfortable hand-books relating to the southern counties; for instance Kent or Sussex. The other observable matter is, that we find no longer a responsible editor for the series, but an editor for the volume, who speaks for himself, and gives his direction "Cefnawr, Beaufort." Of all the cold, Dryasdust descriptions we have had the misfortune to encounter, we cannot recollect an equal to the phlegmatic, lethargic, even monotony of phrase adopted by the writer of the present hand-book. The exquisite beauty of the view from Piercefield or Wyndcliff, the superb range of mountains and the magnificent valley seen from the old road between Chepstow and Monmouth, the loveliness of Tenby, and the grand cliff scenery of Pembrokeshire, fail to warm his language. He will never raise a false hope, but as certainly he will never prepare the stranger for the enjoyment of the rich beauty of South Wales. When we assure our readers that the descriptive portion of the volume extends only to one hundred and thirty-three pages, we have just cause to complain that Herefordshire occupies no unimportant share. The title of the volume is a misnomer. Since Mr. Murray publishes his hand-books as illustrations of complete counties, separate or combined, "South Wales and its Borders, including the River Wye," is a very inadequate description of a book containing Monmouthshire, which, as an English county, should have been expressly mentioned, and, with Herefordshire, would have afforded ample materials for a separate volume. As it is, the present hand-book is meagre and dull, and can bear no comparison with the admirable work of Mr. Clyffe. Botany is not so much as mentioned. We shall indicate for our readers the chief points of interest in the district under review; and, taking the steam ferry over the princely Severn, avail ourselves of the line which connects Chepstow with Pembroke; beyond that point we must buckle on our knapsack, or ignominiously mount on the box-seat of the coach. Halting on the border land, in the debatable county of Mon-

mouth, we stop at the pleasant town of Chepstow, where we remember that the beer-shops many years since bore a preponderance vastly over the number of houses. The Priory Church retains few traces of its ancient grandeur; but the ivied ruins of the castle, with its massive towers and triple courts—once the prison of J. Marten, the regicide, and Jeremy Taylor, the English Chrysostom—still rise grandly along the cliffs overlooking the dusky-rushing Wye and the tubular railway bridge. The neighbourhood is rich in beautiful walks, among which Piercefield takes the first rank; and contains such objects of interest as the ruins of Tintern Abbey, the manor-house of St. Pierre, the palaces of Moinscourt and Mathern, once tenanted by the bishops of Llandaff; the castles of Caldecot and Dinham; towers, round like those of Llanvair Iacoe, octagonal, as in the instance of Striguil, square, as at Penhow and Pencoed; the camp and deserted chapel at Southbrook; the Roman bastions of Caerwent and Caerleon, connected by the highway of Via Julia, with which the archaeologist may contrast the British trackway at Pen-y-cae-mawr, and the cromlechs and camps near Newchurch. These lie within no great distance; but those who are not economical of their time may visit the ruined castles of Usk, Goodrich, Caerphilly, and Raglan—the latter immortalised by the heroic defence made by the loyal Marquis of Worcester, and more recently connected with the name of one of the most lamented soldier-nobles of England; the restored Cathedral of Llandaff; the docks of Newport and Cardiff; the oak-wainscotted rooms of Troy House, which contain the cradle of Henry V., and the sword which he wielded at Agincourt; the gallery of armour at Goodrich Court; the Monnow Bridge at Monmouth; and the Druidical Logan, near the Kymin. They may explore the beauties of the winding Wye as far as Ross, or wander under the shadow of the great mountain range which rises above the vale of Abergavenny. Those who prefer travels not far from home will find a view from the Wyndcliff to which we know no parallel.

Swansea stands upon a beautiful bay, between two hills; but the tall chimneys, the heaps of slag, the clouds of smoke rising from the copper works, and the stunted vegetation, are a sore drawback to the otherwise excellent position of the town. To those who can tolerate such ugly accessories, the fine sands, the Flemish tract of Gower Land, its British remains and ruined castles, its bone caves and romantic coast beyond the Mumbles Light-house, will prove a compensation. Glamorganshire—once the garden of South Wales—whilst growing rich with the development of its mineral wealth, is fast losing its ancient reputation for clear streams, pure air, and fresh green meadows; while pretty villages are expanding into commercial towns, and smoking furnaces fill the once remote and pastoral valleys. From Kelvey Hill, or the round castle keep, the view over the winding Tawe, and the port with its shipping, the town and the sand-girt bay—nine miles in breadth—is good and commanding. Swansea was the birth-place of Beau Nash, the arbiter *elegantiarum* and despotic master of the ceremonies, who raised Bath into fashion and repute. The potteries are worthy of a visit; and the ruins of Oystermouth Castle, seated on broken limestone cliffs, the picturesque Caswell Bay, the ruined castle and abbey of Neath, the fall of the Clydach at Melincourt, the fairy-haunted walls of Penarth, the huge cromlech that crowns Cefyn Bryn, known as Arthur's Stone, and the orangeries of Margam Park,

offer attractions to various tastes; while more distant objects for an excursion may be found in the Pont-y-Prydd, spanning the Taff with a single arch—the work of a mason of the county—the restorations at Llandaff, the castle and busy port of Cardiff, and the old British fort of Carig-Cennen; the dingle and fallen glories of St. Donat's, and the leaning tower of Caerphilly; the ivied castle of Penrice, the massive keep of Owich, the Norman remains of Webley, and the smaller portions of Leanhawden and Llonghor. There are also the thyme-scented downs, the lovely little bays and bluff headlands along the coast to the west, the holed cliffs of Owich Bay, the bone caves of Paviland, and the strange-looking promontory of the terrible Worn's Head—that looks to poor mariners like a sea serpent raising its head to strike, and under which many a gallant ship has gone to pieces. Legends and traditions the inquiring tourist may gather in Gower to his heart's content.

The views of the English and Glamorganshire coasts, and the rocky islands of Lundy and Cadz in the mid-distance, give a peculiar charm to the town of Tenby, which is reached after a sea passage of ten hours from Bristol, and stands on a rocky headland jutting into the bay of Caermarthen: the chapel-crowned island of St. Catharine, the castle, the church spire, the houses, the pier, towers, and old walls, form a picturesque group; and below them spread away the sands, abounding in shells, and so smooth that horse-races are run upon them. Tenby has one serious inconvenience—it lies at a distance of thirteen miles from the railroad. The pleasantest roads are those to Sandersfoot Bay, and to the dockyard of Pembroke, the latter lying between the rich vale of St. Florence on the one hand, and the romantic rocky shore and grand sea on the other side. Milford Haven, where Henry VII. landed—one of the finest harbours in the world, and curiously preserving a sign of Danish influence, like Haverford, in its termination of "fiord"—and Stackpoole Castle, the seat of Lord Cawdor, are within a day's ride; ruined Kidwelly, the castles of Carew and Manorbier—the latter the birth-place of Giraldus Cambrensis—and the remains of Lamphey, may be visited, as well as Figsiguard, and, at present, the Great Eastern. We have been taught to disbelieve henceforth the story of the rout of the French at Llanwnda, in 1797, by the sight of the pretty Welsh girls in tapering hats and scarlet cloaks; but must regret that—

"The margin green and castle hoar,  
Where heroes dwelt and fought of yore,  
And smote the daring Gaul with dread,  
Beast not a muse to sing their praise,  
The tribute of immortal lays,  
And cast a glory round their head."

Numerous Druidical remains, the castles of Pembroke, Lawhawden, Haverford, and Picton, the cathedral and fine ruins of St. David's, and the singularly wild coast that reaches to Gawn's Head, a name recalling the Sir Gawain of romance, the Stack Rocks and the Danish camps near Linney, will allure the visitor who seeks health and relaxation in his holiday; and he will be amused by the legends of the perilous Huntsman's cap; the black carriage and headless horses of Jane Mansel of St. Petrox; while the geologist, the naturalist, and the botanist, the searcher for marine curiosities, with Mr. Gosse's book in his pocket, will discover rich stores, probably far exceeding their expectations.

We now leave Caermarthen, with its reminiscences of wreckers in older times, and more recent Rebecca riots; and Pembrokeshire, with its mild moist, climate and stern inhospitable coast, and pass into Cardiganshire,

\* Hand-book for South Wales and its Borders, including the River Wye. (London: John Murray, 1860.)

a land of mountainous hills, and llyns abounding in small trout, and halt at Aberystwith, on the shores of the bay, whose waters roll over a submerged forest and a lowland province, once defended from the waves by dykes and walls, which a drunkard is said to have pierced, unlike the brave Flemish boy who sat down in the dam and so kept out the billows until the breach could be repaired. There is neither a railroad nor a steamer to convey visitors to the town; and those who mourn over the old four-horse coaches, the fast teams, and cheery bugle of their youth, may here revive their recollections. From Shrewsbury, Oswestry, and Caernarvon, coaches leave daily for Aberystwith, which, as its name implies, is situated at the meeting of two rivers.

The town grew up under the shelter of the old Norman castle of Strongbow, which was rebuilt by Edward I., and was stoutly contested by Welsh and English. Its ruins form an important feature in the landscape, to which the fishing-boats, and shipping which frequent the little port add animation, to say nothing of blithe and merry university undergraduates, and the crowd of pebble-hunters searching along the shore for cornelians, crystal, jasper, and agate. A walk along Constitution Hill is peculiarly attractive at sunset, where the whole sail-dotted crescent of Cardigan Bay, the Welsh Alps in all their rich hues, grouped about shaggy Cader Idris—including sometimes the sharp peak of Snowdon—and Bardsey Isle, combine in a fine picture; the lead mines of Goginian, the camp near the Rhydol bridge, the venerable church of St. Patern, once a bishop's see, the Pont-y-Mynach or Devil's bridge, spanning the Monach, the romantic vale of Ystedydd, and the glen of Rhydol, the ruins of the abbey of Strata Florida, and the ascent of Plinlimmon, mother of five rivers, visiting, by the way, the cairn of Taliesin, the stone circles and hill camp of a remote period, may encourage a stranger to visit this pleasant starting-place. If he requires change, he may, within a journey of sixteen miles, transport himself to Aberayron, with its old camp, double piers, and streams abounding in trout and salmon.

In taking our leave of the "Hand-book for South Wales," we might point to several matters on which it would be very possible to join issue with the editor, but we will content ourselves with saying that it is evidently a work of time, and care, and compression. We do not like the plan of crumpling a district into small parts; it has not the simplicity of an alphabetical arrangement, and carries a disjointed appearance, when, as in the present instance, it is not founded on geographical distribution, but assumes the mere arbitrary arrangement of an individual writer.

#### EDUCATION IN INDIA.\*

M. COMTE, in his great work on the "Positive Philosophy," has remarked that the main difference in modes of colonisation results from its being effected under Catholic and monarchical, or Protestant and aristocratic rule. He goes on to say that it is the tendency of the latter mode, as exemplified, for instance, in the history of Dutch colonisation in the Indian Archipelago, to encourage individual activity and rapacity, and national selfishness. The whole history of British rule in India seems to lend additional strength to this position. The most profitable field for individual enterprise, and the best calculated for the

secure gratification of individual rapacity, India has also been up to this time the splendid victim of national selfishness, or of a national carelessness more criminal even than selfishness. Wrapt up in the eager pursuit of wealth, or frittering away invaluable time in arguing against the futile schemes of political visionaries, the members of our Legislature have forgotten, or tried to forget as much as possible, the vast realms which, nominally under their protecting care, were really in the grasp of some unscrupulous proconsul or some viceroy as indolent and as self-absorbed as the men who sent him out. All ideas of political development, all notions of national duty or national conscience, all thoughts of the future account to be exacted of us by civilisation and humanity, seem to have been as thoroughly and permanently banished from the minds of the majority of our rulers, as similar cares were from the mind of Tiberius at Capree. Manchester is an English Capree. The concrete and utilitarian spirit of Manchester acts with as pernicious a force upon English counsels as did the licence of Capree upon the Roman empire. It is only since the tremendous and memorable lesson of the mutiny that a few of the most enlightened of our statesmen, with Lord Stanley at their head, have been induced to turn their attention to the East, and to remember that, apart from all considerations of duty or principle, which are generally very repugnant to "the collective wisdom of the nation," our relations with India involve, to a most serious extent, our gravest material interests.

The pamphlet before us is a striking evidence of the force of this re-action. It is evidently written by one who has drunk deeply into the spirit of the teaching of John Stuart Mill, and who accordingly commences all operations by a systematic inquiry into the first principles on which they should be based and conducted. Mr. Arnold, already known to the world of letters as a poet of some pretensions, now comes forward as a thinker and observer, and we feel assured that all who take an interest in Indian education will be sincerely grateful to him for the valuable remarks embodied in the present brochure. They are not the *à priori* reflections of a theorist, but the experiential deductions of an acute observer. Though professedly only intended for the guidance of his successor at Poona, Mr. Russell, this letter is worthy of a careful perusal by all statesmen and writers to whom our great Eastern dependency is an object of any concern. Though very small, we do not scruple to declare that it contains more wisdom than many blue-books and many parliamentary speeches.

One of the most serious and at the same time most discreditably difficulties which stand in the way of Indian education, is the antipathy to all education entertained by stupid and ignorant men in authority, who themselves having derived no benefit from education, believe that no one else does or can. We can scarcely wonder, however, at such a class existing in India, when we are so much infested by a similar set of men at home. It is probable, however, that both here and in the East these foolish opinions are decaying, and we trust that by the end of the present century they will have entirely vanished and become a thing of the past. In India, the civil servants who are now sent out for literary merit, will exercise a strong and irresistible influence in favour of education, and men who owe their own position to knowledge will scarcely begrudge a like knowledge to others. Mr. Arnold brings one fact prominently forward—that the prizes of education are at present

subordinate clerkships in Government offices; hence that "very little of the imparted education is diffused, and the Brahman adds to his other elements of exclusiveness that of a low bureaucracy." This must always stand seriously in the way of any effective spread of knowledge, or any intellectual development of the national character. There are three *métiers* open to the Brahman boy, Mr. Arnold tells us: he may be a priest, he may be a money-lender, or a clerk in a Government office. The Parsee, who styles himself the Oriental Anglo-Saxon, engages in commerce, but not so the proud Brahman, who prefers an ignominious but exclusive mendicancy. The Brahman is the worst sort of beggar, the proud beggar who will not work. Our schools in India are attended in great measure by them alone. In the College of Poona, of which Mr. Arnold was principal, there were some fifty students, out of whom three were Parsees, one Purbhoo, and the rest Brahmans; but of the one hundred and fifty school-boys in connection with the college, one was a Jew, one a Mussulman, two or three Goanese Christians, and all the rest of the priestly caste. Further, adequately to appreciate the influence of the Brahmans, and the importance of their education, we must bear in mind that all the teachers in the Normal schools are natives and Brahmans, merely with an European at their head. Taking all these points into consideration, we think the utmost attention is owing to Mr. Arnold's conclusion, that in a fair and moderate apportionment of power to the native, lies the secret which will really obtain for us a refined and cultivated class. As it is, he knows of only one native under Government who draws more than 500 rupees, or about fifty pounds sterling, per month. What the writer suggests, therefore, is that the higher governmental appointments should be freely opened to native graduates, and thus something more than mere *ad hoc* follow the acquisition of the "new and ill-understood B.A." We have elsewhere urged the necessity and expediency of employing Europeans in some offices now held by natives, and Mr. Arnold himself confesses his hearty belief in the "absolute, individual superiority of the English official." "Some offices," he says, "must undoubtedly be withheld against a better moral development." Here, as in such a vast portion of the English system, we have to complain that it is not a system. There is no rule, no regard for tendencies. It is a maze without a plan. In a large number of appointments where natives would be most proper, we find Europeans. In a still larger number, where we have most reason to expect Europeans, we find natives. The whole wants a vigorous revision, and unless that revision is speedily effected, we need never hope for strength or coherency. If the authority were not incontrovertible, we should scarcely credit Mr. Arnold's assertion, taken from the report for 1857-58, that the total sum expended by Government on education in India for that year was £39,000. Why, there is more than one college in our country which has a larger annual revenue than this—the sum deemed sufficient for the education of an enormous people!

Mr. Arnold is of opinion that the three most formidable obstacles to the development of the native character, are their want of taste, want of invention, and want of sympathy—certainly formidable enough. He is also of opinion that physical science will be the most efficient stimulus for the native mind; that the certain laws of chemistry and geology are the requisite agencies for its expansion; or, as he pointedly puts it, "I am strongly inclined to

\* *Education in India.* By Edwin Arnold, M.A. (London: Bell and Daldy. 1890.)

regard in Faraday the Socrates of the Indian Academe."

We cannot enter into the author's arguments against dogmatic Christianity being drilled into the "untutored Hindoo." We confess they appear most cogent to us. What the natives require at first is, the practical not the doctrinal part of Christian teaching.

"That man would be a hopeful one who, carefully regarding the mental diathesis of the Hindoos, the stages of their religious history, and their present spiritual needs, should predict that the people of India will ever be capable of receiving the unmodified dogmata of Christianity, as now extant in the mouths of the missionaries."—(P. 35).

Mr. Arnold, by way of illustrating the hopelessness of this undertaking, quotes a confession made by "one of the ablest and most earnest" of the missionaries, to the effect that he could number the Scindian converts of many years' work on one hand, and that he mis-doubted all but one of these.

In conclusion, we beg to recommend Mr. Arnold's admirable pamphlet to all who would rather see India a thriving dependency, than the decaying member of an unmanageable empire. Watched as it is by France, on the one hand, and by Russia on the other, there is no other part of her Majesty's dominions more exposed to danger if neglected, or more capable of secure development if carefully tended.

#### STANFORD'S NEW LONDON GUIDE.\*

It would be but little above average generosity to imagine that every guide-book to London is published upon a humanitarian, as well as upon a commercial, basis. The first line of Mr. Stanford's little book at once appeals to the sympathies. "We will suppose," he says, "a stranger to have just arrived at the terminus of one of the railways," &c., surely as dismal an effort of imagination as Dr. Young or Bishop Hurd, or "old" Burton, in the liveliest flash of their daring, could have conceived. The "stranger," the unfortunate subject of the position assumed, immediately becomes something wretched. What would be thought of a conversation suddenly opening with, "We will suppose a young lady to have been knouted"—or, "We will suppose that you are taking a friendly glass with Mr. William Palmer, of Rugeley?"<sup>b</sup> But surely such horrible suppositions are but trifles compared with a stranger at a London railway terminus for the first time. Can we linger, with a surgeon's love of a fine corpse, long over the scene? picturing the patient tormented by the officials—hungry, with nothing but blue-bottles and shrivelled buns before him; possibly a lover of beauty, and nothing to gaze upon but something like last century's curls. Suppose him to be a lover of his kind: instantly is he jostled into enmity by about two million eight hundred thousand relentless savages in the human shape. He has come to see London. Perhaps he knows somebody at one of the clubs. He may have a cousin in one of the public offices, who lives at Peckham. Or he may know a nice quiet family, full of graceful accomplishments, and Mudied—we recommend the word to the followers of Johnson and Webster—up to the eyes. But if he thinks, for one moment, that his club friend will think him anything else than a dreadful bore, to whom a second-rate club dinner must be given once, why, blessings be upon his innocence. If he imagine that that government clerk will

sacrifice, for his sake, one day of his forty days' leave, or one evening from his habitual billiards, then he would believe in the continued existence of dodos and duelling. If he cherishes the idea that that quiet family will do for him anything more than tea and toast and a little music, we would wager any amount that the stranger would expect to see hay in the Haymarket and timber in St. John's Wood. No. Anybody who lives in London will see anybody else, no matter how much farther first, before they will take the trouble to accompany him to see the sights of London.

"At such a place as this, at such an hour," as Young Norval has it, the guide-book, Mogg, Crutehley, and now Mr. Stanford, step in to the rescue. Paper and print cannot protect itself when taken by the button. Paper and print never has an engagement without a minute to lose. Nor is it ever asked out to dinner; nor is it ever unwell. It is very tame, and, in the form of a guide-book, will become the constant companion of man, especially when man is freshly arrived from obscure provinces, and has no other friend. The first thing done by the companion is to place the trusting visitor in communication with the public conveyances of London. Cab-fares, with a brief summing up of the Act of Parliament, are given; and then follows such an account of the omnibus routes as will startle any native familiar with such vehicles from the earliest period to the present time. There are upwards of sixty routes, or lines of omnibuses, all carefully described, with the "names, weights, and colours," &c.; and, with the addition of information concerning the river steam-boats, this department must be considered complete; for railways require whole books to themselves, and who—where is the gifted individual?—who could give any account of Thames watermen, save that at Searle's, at Coates', or at Greaves' the broad-chested youth of the gay metropolis pay one shilling for the first hour, and half that sum for every hour afterwards. The information concerning hotels is charmingly simple. There is a goodly list, with dining-rooms and taverns also; but not one word as to the style of house, the tariff, or the class who frequent them. Perhaps Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his admirable hand-book, is more precise than is requisite in his critical remarks on certain steaks, and Ports with blue seals; but Mr. Stanford is dry. He does not even mention so celebrated a house as the "Blue Posts," in Cork Street; and he must therefore be unaware that in that famous haunt of accomplished palates can be obtained the very best steak in London. And Port! a something in itself akin to a liberal education.

Mr. Stanford follows with accounts of the postal and other communications. The telegraphs, commissionaires, &c.; topography, municipal and other divisions; population, police, and fire-brigades; drainage, water supply, and similar matters, are briefly noticed; and then we have a not over-erudite description of the "History and Antiquities of London." After this, the "Companion" or Guide-book goes as nearly mad as possible by gravely stating that six good walks will be sufficient to enable the visitor to see all the most remarkable objects noticed. Our own impression is, that there are exactly three ways of looking at the question: that the remarkable objects have not been noticed; that the visitor must have good lungs and legs; or, that he must have the carpet of Prince Hussein, celebrated in the "Arabian Nights."

The remainder, the great bulk, of the work,

is devoted to ordinary guide-book intelligence. This is not given in streets, but in buildings, public and private, public works, exhibitions, &c. Thus, much antiquarian interest is missed; but this, however, is so thoroughly the literary property of Mr. Peter Cunningham, that it would be perhaps unfair, as well as unnecessary, to expect it. We need not say, that of course there is a vast mass of information; but there is at the same time much misinformation, and more information remains to be desired. We have a strong suspicion that no original sources have been consulted in the compilation of Mr. Stanford's book. The old authorities have been consulted, but their information has not been brought up to the present time. Of course, it would be absurd to make the grand tour of London for the sake of chronicling the writer's imperfections; and in part proof of what we suspect, can only mention such matters as may cling to memory. Turning to St. Paul's Cathedral, we find a list of monuments which is decidedly incomplete. For instance, there is no mention of Mr. Noble's entablature to the memory of Captain Lyons, a gallant officer scarcely less loved throughout the service than Sir William Peel. Mr. Stanford has lost the opportunity of reminding the sculptor that Captain Lyons was not shot before Sebastopol, as stated in the inscription, and that the *Miranda* is not a screw vessel, for Captain Lyons was standing on the paddle-box when struck. In the list of cemeteries there is no mention of Norwood, which has its fair share of dust honourable to England. In the list of distinguished scholars from Christ's Hospital, there is no mention of Leigh Hunt, although his friends Lamb and Coleridge are not forgotten. And might not Mr. Macready have been included? Many people would have been thankful for the information that so popular a man as the lamented Mr. Albert Smith received his education at Merchant Taylor's School; and when the writer records that fact with reference to Charles Mathews, the reader must wonder which? The list of theatres offers a curious list of blunders. The prices of admission to the Haymarket are all wrong; and why are not the remarkably successful labours of Mr. Buckstone treated to honourable mention? Of the St. James's, there is nothing beyond the discourteous description, "Built for Braham the singer, but now generally appropriated during the season to the performance of French plays." The Olympic, the new theatre, was certainly not opened in 1842, for the old house was not burnt down until about 1849; and if it will hold 2,000 persons, surely the Princess's Theatre will accommodate more than 800. The Soho Theatre is not "generally let for private theatricals." For some years it has been regularly opened by a company. And why no mention of Miss Kelly? Of Hanwell Lunatic Asylum we are told "the Great Western Railway will quickly bring the visitor to this Asylum," which is at least suggestive of some cruel irony towards the directors and shareholders.

These trifling drawbacks we mentioned only by way of showing the fallibility of everything under the sun. We have turned over the book at random, discovered some inaccuracies, and leave the reader to discover more if he can. The book certainly requires careful revision. As it is, however, it cannot fail to have a great value and interest, for its subject appears never likely to pall upon the public. As thousands of strangers enter our modern Babylon daily, we recommend them to the care of Mr. Stanford, who, for a consideration, will be of more real advantage to them than all the club friends and pleasant families in the world.

\* *Stanford's New London Guide: with Two Maps.* (London: Stanford.)

## NEW NOVELS.

*The Wreck Ashore.* (London: T. Hodgson.) A picture printed in colours, representing the sun setting—or perhaps rising—on the sea; a boat, some sailors, and a schooner in the offing, may or may not represent, or have been in some way connected with, a wreck. On second thoughts, and on a further examination of the picture, we find that the title, which occupies a considerable portion of the sky, invites our attention to a wreck *ashore*, so in spite of the twice-repeated picture, we have failed to discover any wreck of any description inside the book or out. The story itself gives us the idea of having been written from some melo-drama, which might have been popular at certain theatres; the immense amount of bad language having been removed, the horrors and bloodshed which it contains would be decidedly satisfactory. We shall give a short sketch of this "tale founded on facts." It appears that a certain Mr. Bellerton was an extensive grazier; that he resided on those unhealthy low lands which lie somewhere near Gravesend; and that in the course of a few years he became extremely opulent. And here, ere we have turned the first page, dawns on us a horror. Mr. Bellerton was charged by the country gossips with being "one of those marsh-land farmers, who marry moneyed girls, brought up in the higher lands of their own and the neighbouring counties, in hopes that a residence in the fens will kill them, and set their husbands free to seek fresh victims to this matrimonial speculation." Joseph Bellerton, the author informs us, had acted in this manner: no less than three upland maidens had owned him as their lord, two of whom died very shortly after their marriage, leaving him their fortunes, which were considerable. Brawny and ague-proof, however, was the third Mrs. Bellerton; she thrived in the marshes, and we are told that as she waxed fatter, "her face became like a vast globular red bottle in a chemist's window, shining from afar." This good dame had a son; she had also a female dependent, a most attractive young woman, and this pair very quickly fell in love with one another. Mrs. Bellerton, who discovers how matters stand, very soon induces her son to come to the conclusion that he had better "endure every extremity of fortune rather than witness the *terrific rage and over-boiling denunciations*" of his somewhat wayward-tempered mother: so he breaks open a bureau, takes a considerable sum of money, sets off through the marshes, and is found shortly afterwards a corpse, having apparently been drowned. Our attention is now called to a period considerably later, and we are introduced to a certain Lawrence Glennow, who suddenly makes his appearance at a merry-making given by an old farmer, and astonishes the rustics by his elegant and embroidered clothes and his fine person. The author tells us that "he wanted nothing of that easy impudence of manner which gentility allows." This hero turns out to be the son of a neighbour, who left the country to serve the king some years ago. The heroine of this story, who is called Bella, is sister of Letitia, the love of the unfortunate young Bellerton. This young lady, whom the author endeavours to depict as a specimen of the meekly-suffering style of heroine, has fierce love made to her by the mysterious stranger, Captain Glennow; and being reduced to absolute want, she marries him, greatly to the discomfiture of her sister, who has a strong antipathy to the Captain. Of course the Captain turns out to be a buccanier, and the murderer of Letitia's lover,

who was supposed to have been drowned. In a struggle with the authorities, Bella and the Captain are both shot, after which Miss Letitia went to bed and died. All this, with a little description and book-making, composes "The Wreck Ashore." Ere we close our notice, we shall give two specimens of the author's talent for description. Bella, the heroine, applies for relief to the parish officer of Sedgley, who makes a very rude speech to her. The author tells us that "Bella's heart caught fire at this oration, and her face displayed its blazes." Here is a picture of a gentleman, a particular friend of the buccanier:—"Avery was a man of middle stature, square, stern features, and broad muscular person; yet possessing the contour of vigorous activity. His dark crisped hair curled over a brow of great whiteness, where it lay immediately contiguous to his locks; but his face was sunburnt, and deeply tanned in every other place, excepting close round his mouth, which part still preserved its fairness, as if to form a contrast with his black moustachios; and the expression of his countenance was desperate, but not cruel." We never remember to have read a work which, for its size, contained so much vigorous swearing. In fact, it is quite marvellous that any man should have the temerity to print such oaths as are liberally scattered through his pages.

## POETRY.

*Youthful Musings.* By George Gibbons. (Pitman.) "Scribimus indocti doctique" is Mr. Gibbons' motto on his title-page, and he is careful also to give Pope's rendering of the words, by way of apologising, perhaps, for appearing before the public. "Youthful Musings" disarm criticism. It is impossible to speak harshly of the budding fancies of a budding youth; yet we cannot but think Mr. Gibbons would do wisely to restrain his impassioned feelings till he can express them more clearly and correctly. In a poem on "Catherine Howard," our poet exclaims—

"Some loves, like trees, uprooted run riot;  
Such, I hope, will never be my lot;"

but we suspect that he wrote that sonorous couplet with an inward consciousness that both his loves and his verse were subject to that tendency. From the "Stanzas to Marie" we will extract a few lines, which will prove that Mr. Gibbons's Pegasus would be better for the curb:—

"As the shipwreck'd seaman clinging  
To the frailest plank for life,  
Sees aloft the cherub winging  
Far above th' unequal strife;

"And it whispers, 'Hope, hope ever'  
When all hope is dead within thee,  
Grief may daunt thee, but oh, never,  
Doubt my spirituality.

"The chain of love that hath been broken,  
Strained and snapp'd in every link,  
Yet the words that have been spoken  
Seem to me a living drink."

*The Origin of Rome, and of the Papacy.* Translated from the Italian of Giovanni Casti. By Dentoro's Whistlecraft, Gent. (Holyoake & Co.) This version of a licentious poem deserves no eulogy for its merits; and the translator in recommending it to the fair sex, and in praising Casti for the homage which he pays "to the conscientious feelings and ingenuous sentiments which nature has implanted in us," has done wisely to shelter his reputation behind a *nom de plume*.

## SHORT NOTICES.

*The Tweed and the Don: or Recollections and Reflections of an Angler for the Last Fifty Years.* By James Locke. (Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo, 2, St. David Street; London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1860.) Among the numerous contributions to the literature of the "gentle art" to which the last few years have given birth, there are few to which we can accord a more cordial welcome, than to the little volume now before us. Although homely and unpretensions in style—and deviating but little from the beaten track of his more elaborate

predecessors, Mr. Locke exhibits a charming freshness and vivacity in the treatment of his subject, enlivened with a pleasant view of personal reminiscences and piquant anecdote, that cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of all true lovers of the "craft." The book, as the author informs us in a somewhat laconic preface or dedication, (for, like Junius, he inscribes it to the public) was originally designed for the use of his own sons, and we are indebted for its appearance in its present shape "solely to the request of a friend who is not an angler." The scene of Mr. Locke's reminiscences, which date back as far as 1808, is laid, with few exceptions, in Scotland. We can almost imagine him by our side in *propria persona* as we follow him from the Tweed to the Tay along the banks of his favourite streams, to his old angling haunts, while, Nestor-like, he discourses of goodly creels of yellow trout, or many a desperate and anxious struggle with the mighty "monarch of the river," the exploits of his "hot youth when George III. was king." A thorough-going old Tory is our author, an enthusiastic *Canditor temporis acti*, and an implacable foe to netting, mill-dams, paper manufactories, and all other modern inventions so inimical to the production and preservation of the finny race. A considerable portion of the work is devoted to practical details relating to fishing localities, inn accommodation, flies, tackle, and other matters piscatorial:—much of which, we doubt not, will be novel and instructive to the young angler. We must, however, demur to our author's dictum—"Whatever side the wind blows to, there expect the fish to lie." As far as our experience goes, we have generally found the fish seek the shelter of the bank from which the wind blows. To the general reader, the principal charm of Mr. Locke's little book will doubtless be the easy simplicity of his writing, the life-like air of reality that clothes his reminiscences, and his unaffected love for the picturesque. Some of his descriptions of Scottish river scenery are delightful; he seems never weary of pointing out the varied branches of stream, loch, glen, or mountain, endeared to him as they are by early recollections or historical associations. Throughout the whole there runs a vein of quiet contemplative thought, so fresh and genial, that at times we are half inclined to believe that we have come upon an uncut page of "old Isaak" himself.

*Lewis's Hand-book of Portsmouth and the Royal Dockyard.* (London: Hamilton; Portsmouth: Lewis.) There is a great rage for hand-books at present, and it is a literary fashion which deserves to be well honoured in the observance. Portsmouth is a place which peculiarly merits such notice; for, as the author tells us in his introductory remarks, it is "annually visited by strangers from all parts of the globe," who regard it "as possessing attractions inseparable from its being the chief naval arsenal of the first maritime Power in the world." Its history carries us back to the black letter of dusty charters, and the quaint writings of monkish scribes. Our author, however, discreetly determines to follow the "sober light of historical truth," and under its safe guidance to help us in walking along the streets, quays, and beach. Indeed, so rich is the place in the vestiges of antiquity, that we may say of it as Cicero did of Athens—"Quæcumque ingredimur in aliquam historiam vestigia portamus." Portsmouth has sent forth fleets which have carried Britannia's thunder over the wide world, winning and then consolidating the empire of the seas. The Roman, the Saxon, and the Dane anchored their galleys where now float in their pride of place the most elaborate specimens of recent naval architecture. The eloquent preface concludes by observing that "every creek and haven is sanctified by glorious deeds and memorable events, teeming with national interest to an Englishman. He feels that they are the theatre whereon the grand drama of his country's naval career commenced—the narrative of which recites the history of the liberties of the modern world." Without emulating the lofty rhetoric of the author, we may more modestly remark, that to all visitors to Portsmouth this little hand-book will prove useful. It gives an account of Southsea, with its baths and promenade, and its ecclesiastical edifices; of Spithead, of the Dockyard, and the fortifications. There is also a chronological account of the remarkable events at Portsmouth, and an appendix of a

more practical kind. Altogether, it is a useful little book.

*Dinners and Dinners.* By E. L. Blanchard. (London: W. R. H. Adamson, 16, Brydges Street, Strand, 1860.) This is a piquant and amusing little trifle, and will help to while away an idle half-hour pleasantly enough. Mr. Blanchard is evidently a shrewd observer of men and manners, and possesses a very considerable fund of humour. Some of his characters are capably hit off. His friend Beeswax, and Mr. Thomas Torkington, are types of a class with which every one must be familiar. Indeed, we almost fancy the latter has a sly touch of personality about it. Which of us does not number among his acquaintances a specimen of the "philanthropic diner"—the man who dines out of pure charity, the road into whose pocket runs through his stomach? Are there not Dukes of Dumplingshire in every rank of society? Mr. Blanchard's picture of the City dining-house, with the ubiquitous waiter—clock of grave aspect—and crowd of old stagers who may have been seen at the same seat and hour any day during the last fifty years—cannot fail of being recognised by any one who has ever sought the hospitality of any of those famous hostilities east of Temple Bar, between the hours of one and six. After discussing every phase of "Dinners and Dinners," including "Dinners in the Country," "Dinners in Town," "Dinners Abroad," "After Dinner," our author pays a graceful homage to the claims of "suppers," which he regards as a necessary appendage to dinners, "without which they would have been evidently incomplete and indigestible." These he divides into two kinds—"Suppers in Slippers," and "Suppers in Boots," or suppers at home and abroad, &c. Of course we cannot expect very much out of such slight materials, but Mr. Blanchard's genial gossiping style makes a very little go a long way. He is amusing, without perpetually straining after "comic" effects, as too frequently is the case with the so-called "funny" writers of the day. For half-an-hour's after-dinner reading, we can safely recommend "Dinners and Dinners."

*Hints to Landlords, Tenants, and Labourers.* By S. G. Finney. (Ridgway, Piccadilly.) This is essentially a practical work, and evidently the production of one who has had great experience, and who gives the result of that experience in a clear, business-like, and unprejudiced manner. The author first addresses himself to landlords, showing them that it is their interest as well as their duty in the first instance to place their estate in a condition that will enable the tenantry of this country to be fairly remunerated for their skill, industry, and the capital invested in the land. The author, moreover, proves that this can be done by the proprietors of the worst description of land, "at a better investment for their surplus capital than they can make by investing such capital in a greater number of acres." He then proceeds to show the tenants of poor, heavy lands, which have been first put into condition, the way which he considers, from his enlarged experience, to be the most desirable, namely, that it is expedient for them to cultivate such lands to their advantage, in order that they, as well as the landlord, may be remunerated for their capital. The chapter on labourers and what they would do, if allowed, is written in a right-minded tone; and the few hints on the engagement of a steward are truthful, though somewhat trite.

*The Thorn in the Flesh; or, a New Explanation of 2 Cor. xii. 7.* (Tresidder.) We cannot say that we have been very favourably impressed with this brochure. Quite a history belongs to the various interpretations suggested by exponents of this difficult passage. Canon Stanley, in his work on the Corinthians, has given a rough enumeration of them which is highly interesting. The main design of this little treatise is to subject to a hostile criticism an interpretation suggested by Stephen in a letter to Hannah More. Stephen felt morally certain that by the "thorn in the flesh" ophthalmia was meant; he had himself suffered from ophthalmia in the West Indies, and imagined that his own experience enabled him to fling some light on the subject. It is quite possible that the amiable writer was deceived by some fanciful analogies; but the view propounded here is no more tenable, and has not the same apology. We are very much dissatisfied

with some of the reasoning. And we do not think much of the author's power in producing points which are familiar enough to every Biblical scholar.

*Digby Heathcote.* By Wm. H. G. Kingston, Esq. (Routledge and Co.) Mr. Kingston is, as every boy knows, a capital story-teller. He understands boy life to perfection. His narrative is always lively and often exciting, and he possesses the rare art, while fascinating children, of interesting grown-up people also. The present tale is replete with stirring incidents, and we will venture to say that no young reader who commences the perusal of "Digby Heathcote," will be willing to pause until he is acquainted with the whole history of the brave-spirited hero. The contrast between Digby's open and honourable character, and that of the artful and mean-spirited Langley, is extremely well sustained. The illustrations by Mr. Harrison Weir are admirable; and on the whole we incline to believe that this may prove the most popular book for boys that will be published this season. It will fully sustain Mr. Kingston's reputation.

*Play-Hours and Half-Holidays.* By the Rev. J. H. Atkinson. (Routledge.) This is a healthy, genial book, exactly such a one as we should select for any schoolboy in whom we felt an interest. There is a fine, manly tone about it, which would have made it a favourite with Tom Brown, if it had been published when he was at Rugby. Mr. Atkinson must have a vivid recollection of his own early days, or he would never have entered with so much warmth and felicity into the experiences of schoolboys, to all of whom such a volume cannot fail to prove welcome. There can be no doubt that their critical remarks on "Play-Hours and Half-Holidays" will be compressed into the laudatory observation that "The book is a jolly book, and the author a decided brick;" and we do not well see how they could praise these experiences of two schoolboys in more legitimate terms.

*The Osbornes of Osborn Park.* A Tale. By George Rate. (William Wesley.) Out of the incidents of this tale it might have been possible to work up a good story. As it is, the narrative moves on in the most languid style imaginable. The characters are not drawn; they are only inventoried; we are told what they are, and we accept the statement with absolute indifference, for they are nothing better than impalpable abstractions. The moral is unexceptionable, but the tale has no claims as a work of imagination. Mr. Rate might have had a solid reason for composing it, but there is no reason why any one, save a reviewer, should undergo the labour of its perusal.

*The Great Eastern's Log.* (London: Bradbury and Evans.) After the many and varied accounts of the great ship's American trip, fortunate indeed must that man be who can, after the first excitement is over, write anything on the subject which will induce people to take the trouble of reading it. We confess the author of this pamphlet has not been so fortunate, for from beginning to end the account is written in a poor and flimsy style, and, in fact, we may say that this is another failure in connection with the Great Eastern.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

"Bentley's Miscellany." (London: Bentley.) No sooner had we glanced at the table of contents appended to the present number of "Bentley," than we felt gratified. Not that we had entertained any doubt that the articles, of whatever kind they might be, would exhibit a respectable amount of talent, but we have been so much elided lately by talent of what we must call the heavy order, that a collection of the kind here presented was somewhat a relief. Accordingly, we read with much pleasure the tale of mystery to which "Bell and the Dragon" have given their names, and feel a calm confidence in the author's intention of making it "all right" at last. In the same frame of mind we read and admired "A Coquette's Campaign." Capitally told, and most interesting is the story, and very lifelike indeed are the characters; but there is this to be said, that the *locus in quo* should be shifted to France, and Rosalie, to render her conduct possible, should have been the young widow of some mysterious colonel, or a young married woman of the style which delights

M. Dumas. Notwithstanding which, as we observed before, the story is very amusing. "Always a Child," being part third of a series of essays, is a very well-written article, full of quotations skillfully chosen, and anecdotes aptly brought forward.

"Dublin University." (Dublin: Robertson.) An essay on "The French and English Armaments," displaying considerable perseverance in inquiry, and no small amount of ingenuity, forms the first subject treated of in the current number of this magazine. The author quotes largely from the Navy List (English,) as also from the last printed French naval budget; also from some works on the subject, more especially M. Cucheval Clarigny's, which has been lately published at Paris. We shall not do more than call attention to the article in question, so exhaustive a subject would draw us far beyond the limits of our space. "Cornwall and Pilechards" has all the freshness natural to the subjects treated of, and the description of St. Ives and the source of its prosperity is interestingly told, whilst the relations of the way in which the fish are caught, the excitement which prevails, and the quaint language of the fishermen whilst engaged in capturing a "schnell," could only have been furnished by one who has witnessed such scenes many a time and oft. Description is decidedly the forte of the writer of this article, and he should not rashly give to the world such statements as the following—"What say you to two learned men, each holding high positions among the wise men of the East—dignitaries—addressing letters, 'Cornwall, Wales?' No, it is not impossible, for it was done a few months ago." We do not, it is hardly necessary to say, doubt for an instant the veracity of the little anecdote in question; but people may be found sufficiently bold to question the value of the writer's estimate of a wise and learned man. A critical notice of three novels, having for their subject objects connected with clergymen, is witty and greatly to the purpose. We have also reviews of considerable length of Mr. Alexander's Prize Poem, Atkinson's "Upper and Lower Amoor," &c. A wild, but in some respects a pleasing poem, by T. Irwin, is entitled "Imogen—in Wales." In the said poem occur as strange a selection of words and expressions, as we remember to have seen for some time, mingled with a good deal of poetic feeling. For instance—

"Asouth beneath the ashen sky  
The sullen wind seemed brooding wrath  
For storm; the bleak sea marga anigh  
Lay slumbered o'er with shivering froth."

Articles on "American Agriculture," and on "The Work-a-Day World of France" add to the attractions of the number.

"London Review." Upon taking up the "London Review" one is at once struck by the list of contents on the outside cover. Here is literary food for every palate. Grammar, art, religion, geography, history, and politics, have each their place. Should the investigation of our mother tongue prove dry, fresh scenes open themselves out before as in Eastern Africa. Are art theories too tiring, and Ruskin's gorgeous pictures over-exciting, turn but a few pages, and one is rambling round Etna with the "Unprotected," or drinking in vigour with the bracing air of Lebanon. Methodism and slavery claim one article; biography two, while the number culminates in a few pages devoted to the state of Italy. And the promise of the cover is carried out by the contents. The papers are all above mediocrity. In the first the progress of our literary language is traced out; when and under what circumstances the amalgamation of the Norman and Anglo-Saxon elements took place, how the functions of words originally synonymous were settled, how fresh ones were from time to time imported and old ones cast off. Then, on the other hand, as opposed to this literary language, we are shown the vulgar tongue descending from the Anglo-Saxon stock alone, and still existing in the dialects of some parts of England. The writer concludes with some excellent remarks upon the difficulty of imparting knowledge, by means of the terms introduced into the one, to those who know but the other. In the article upon recent discoveries in Eastern Africa, we have much interesting description of the country and its inhabitants, and a recapitulation of many new discoveries. The suggestion of a desire on the part of France to

found an eastern empire, with Madagascar for its centre, is worthy of remark. Next, we have Mr. Ruskin's teaching reduced to a theory, and explained. Our pleasure in art, we are told, arises from the gratification of three kinds of ideas: those of truth; those of beauty; and those of relation. These are again subdivided, and the various faculties of the mind, which deal with each of them, are investigated. This analysis accomplished, the writer shows how Ruskin proceeds to criticise individuals by the rules laid down. We may mention that we cannot, any more than the reviewer, agree to the division of all poets into the two classes "creative" and "perceptive," nor to his distribution of them. This paper is one of great value. The "Methodist Episcopal Church and Slavery" endeavours to remove misapprehensions that have arisen as to the position taken at the last General Conference in America, and at the British Wesleyan Conference, as to the slavery question. The evidence he brings forward would seem to bear out the views of the author. He would deprecate too much interference and dragging on our part, and is inclined to hope the best from the independent efforts of the General Conference. It would be difficult to say whether Lebanon or Sicily has been of late attracting the greater amount of attention. Here, at any rate, we have our choice. In the paper on the former, all the information bearing on the late sad events appears to be exhausted; while in that on the latter, manners, scenery, antiquity, religion, and politics are all touched *currente calamo*. By-the-bye, the "unprotected females" are stigmatised as feeble and flippant. Most ungallant reviewer! We do not find very much novelty in the paper on "Massey's England," not so much from any fault of the writer, as from our having been of late surfeited with accounts of the period. In the "Cornhill" alone the "Four Georges" and "Hogarth" are but just concluded. However, it is readable enough. The "Life of Coke," and "Henry Drummond," may be classified together. Both are men whose chief celebrity is owing to their religious efforts and religious views. In the former, the mild yet enthusiastic character of him who was eminently clergyman and gentleman is well put before us; while in the latter, all who knew his subject—honest yet unstable, practical yet visionary—will at once recognise the truth of the portrait. War to the knife is the solution of the Italian difficulty offered in the concluding paper. No treating, no diplomacy—action only, and that of the roughest kind. It might have been written by Garibaldi himself.

"Meliora: a Quarterly Review of Social Science." (S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row. October, 1860.) A decided change for the better has come over this periodical, since its appearance under its present form as a quarterly. The number before us possesses many attractive features. "Epidemics of Fanaticism" is a very ably written and interesting article, evincing considerable research and historical information. The paper on "Tobacco" professes to be a review of various pamphlets, treatises, and sermons that have been contributed by various writers to this most unsatisfactory controversy. We cannot conceive why writers persist in repeating themselves on this threadbare subject. The merits of the question were pretty well sifted in the "wordy war" waged in the columns of the "Lancet" three years ago, and the only result arrived at was—that every man of common sense knew before—that excess is hurtful. Recently Sir Benjamin Brodie has repeated the same statement, expressed in different words, and now the writer of the article before us favours us with an elaborate proof of the same thing. The answer to the question, What constitutes excess in smoking? is still a desideratum. Passing from tobacco to wine, we have an article entitled, "The Fount of True Poetic Inspiration," in which the writer, who is evidently an enthusiastic disciple of Father Matthew, undertakes to show that the association of Bacchus with the Muses is a mistaken notion, generated somehow or other in the mazy brains of Bacchanalian poets, from Anacreon to Cowley. Apollo, the author grants, might have some connection with his brother Bacchus, but the Muses—the true sources of poetic inspiration—never compromised themselves by the slightest flirtation with the "rosy god," but kept to their

"Pierian springs," and the temperance movement. Despite the absurdity of the argument—if argument it can be termed—the article is well written, and evidently the production of a scholar. Four papers, respectively entitled, "Robert Owen and his Social Philosophy," "Ragged Schools, their Seed-time and Harvest," "The Future Political Tactics of Temperance Reformers," and "The Early Social State of New South Wales," complete the number.

"Photographic Quarterly Review" for October. (Sampson Low and Co., Ludgate Hill.) The introductory remarks in this "Review" embrace all the leading novel features in the world of photography, including the important improvement which has been made during the past quarter by Dr. Hill Norris, of Birmingham, who has at length succeeded in solving the problem of rendering dry collodion plates as sensitive as wet ones. "A dry plate which will 'keep,' if only for a few hours—say from the morning till the evening of the day on which it is excited—will enable photographic tourists to take instantaneous pictures *en route*, and there is no discovery in the chemistry of photography of greater practical importance than this." A solution called "photographic ink" has lately been introduced in Paris as a substitute for nitrate of silver. Various other subjects, bearing on the advancement of photography, are treated in this "Review."

"Pharmaceutical Journal," October. (Churchill, New Burlington Street.) In the present number we find a very interesting paper on the introduction of the Cinchona trees into India, and it is satisfactory to learn that the increasing difficulty of supplying the demand for this most valuable drug, may be surmounted through the exertions of Mr. Markham, whose journey to India appears likely to be attended with decided success. Mr. Haselden urges the importance of attendance at the evening meetings of the Pharmaceutical Society. An abbreviation of Admiral Fitzroy's article on the barometer, published by the Board of Trade, under the title of "How to Foretell the Weather," is useful and instructive; and those who have not read Sir Benjamin Brodie's letter to the "Times" on "The Use and Abuse of Tobacco," will find it reprinted in this journal.

The "Christian Examiner," September, 1860. (Boston, U. S.) If American theological literature can scarcely boast such great names as we are happy to think we possess in England, yet the amount of theological criticism of a scientific character that it periodically produces far transcends in extent that which is published in this country. The "Christian Examiner" is an organ of the Unitarians, but its especial object is not developed to any considerable extent, or with any remarkable ability. There is a pleasant enough article on the women of Thackeray, and another on Leslie's "Autobiographical Recollections." A paper on German hymns strikes us as possessing considerable value. The writer points out a hymn by Frederika Bremer, from which Coleridge has borrowed the idea and much of the language of the renowned "Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni." Coleridge, we are told, was too lazy to own his obligations, but Coleridge's laziness always manifested itself in his dealings with the Germans, and the list of his plagiarisms is a numerous one. There is a somewhat ambitious paper on St. Augustine at Hippo, but the author has failed to render adequate justice to his vast and varied subject.

"English Woman's Journal." (London: W. Kent.) This magazine, in accordance with its usual practical spirit, opens by introducing a most excellent plan for the promotion of co-operative associations amongst work-women: the object being to render labourers in some measure independent of capitalists, by the establishment of "ateliers" in which each person should be both labourer and capitalist. We have also a most encouraging account of the "Victoria Press," which, as our readers will remember, was put up some short time ago for the employment of women, and has, we are glad to say, succeeded admirably. We cannot but rejoice at the success of any scheme which has for its object the amelioration of the position of women, and we cannot see why they should not become quite as independent as men. We observe, also, a most interesting and curious article on society in Algiers.

"Good Words." Edited by Norman Macleod, D.D. This periodical, which has now arrived at its tenth monthly part, under the editorship of Dr. Norman Macleod, is well printed, well illustrated, and, in the main, well written. Like the "Leisure Hour," its object appears to be to combine good wholesome information with sound religious teaching. If, however, it be fair to point out a failing, which certainly "leans to virtue's side," we should be inclined to say that the articles generally consist too exclusively of moral reflection, without that due proportion of fact which is always required to make such teaching really useful. Of the contents of the present part, we may state that all bears the impress of educated minds, and is singularly free from that canting vulgarity which too often disfigures productions of an otherwise similar character. A short essay "Concerning Childhood," is tender and graceful in the extreme. A paper entitled "The Six Days of Creation," written doubtless in the most amiable spirit, is nevertheless a most feeble solution of what we are justified in calling a great scientific problem. Attempts to reconcile the discrepancies of religion, and geology are a delicate task, and should only be entrusted to the ablest hands. The poetry in this periodical is not of a high order, nor do we consider the lines entitled "Garibaldi" at all likely to increase the reputation which Mr. Gerald Massey has already obtained.

"Edinburgh Veterinary Review" for October. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London; Sutherland & Knox, Edinburgh.) Some good advice is given to veterinary students in this number. There is doubtless a wide field for the well-educated scientific veterinarian, quackery in the diseases of horses being still very extensively practised. The report of the committee appointed to inquire into the utility of the Turkish bath, erected by Dr. Baxter, at St. Ann's, Blarney, for the cure of distemper in cattle (reprinted from the "Farmer's Gazette"), is specially interesting; and the leading article on the same subject judicious and appropriate.

"Ladies' Companion," (Rogerson,) contains this month a short life of the French poet Gérard de Nerval, who, although little known in England, at eighteen years of age was praised for his translation of "Faust" by the great Goethe himself, and who, impelled by disappointed love, died by his own hand some few years ago, ere he had reached the prime of his life. We notice also an entertaining account of the late Indian mutiny, in the form of extracts from an officer's journal; three interesting tales, entitled "Queen of the Coteries," "Sketches of Neapolitan Life," and "After Ten Years," interspersed with abundance of poetry. There is also what to ladies is by no means the least important chapter—one on the fashions.

"Kingston's Magazine for Boys." (London: Bosworth and Harrison.) This month we have an interesting, although rather too short, chapter on the mythology of Assyria and Persia; and a very pleasant little sketch of old Froissart, together with one or two other topics well suited for boys. We can highly recommend this little serial, combining, as it does, the useful with the pleasant.

#### EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

"A Complete Practical Guide to her Majesty's Civil Service. By a Certificated Candidate, an officer of her Majesty's Civil Service. (London: James Blackwood.) While the system of examination for the public service has been productive of great benefits in various ways, it has also supplied a very dangerous incentive to book-making. The most melancholy instance that we have yet encountered is furnished by the work before us. There were in existence already several sensible and serviceable manuals on the subject, so that we had a right to expect that anything aspiring to supersede them should be of a very superior character. We have a pretentious preface, scattered profusely with italics, from which we infer that the author is tolerably satisfied with his own performance. At the contents of the work itself we are about as much astonished as was Paley at finding the spelling-book from which he had borrowed some words of one syllable, described as a "Guide to Polite Literature." All the particulars relative to age, &c., can

be found in any report of the Civil Service Commissioners, and from their last three or four reports (books which are in the hands of almost every candidate) are derived the examination papers which make up three-fourths of the volume. On this the writer evidently plumes himself, taking great credit for the achievement in a special notice prefixed to his work. We have also an appendix giving the salaries of various departments, as to the lucid arrangement of which we will only say that the National Gallery is inserted twice over, and, finally, a scale of superannuation allowances, both these being taken from ordinary Government returns. And this is nearly all the "Guide"! Imagine any one stitching together the examination statutes and a number of responses, moderations, and "great go" papers, adding thereto a list of fellowships and college livings from the calendar, and putting forward the whole as a "guide" to Oxford, containing all the information requisite for attaining any distinction. We have said this is nearly all, but there are two or three pages of wonderfully original matter. We should observe, however, that when our author gets off the beaten track of copying straight from a blue-book, it is always to make a serious blunder. Thus he gives us a "miscellaneous list of books, &c., selected by the Civil Service Commissioners." Now, from such a heading it might naturally be inferred that we have here a catalogue of text-books which have been officially recommended. The first name is that of "Arnold's Rome," rather calculated to startle a candidate taking in "general history" as to the scale on which he is expected to read. But we read on, and come to "Passage from a Russian Newspaper." Then we learn that by "selected," our "guide" means "from which passages for translation have been selected;" and we ascertain that Arnold only figures in the list because from his work was on one occasion extracted a piece for Latin prose! But it is on "the hints to candidates" that the full fruit of our author's ripened wisdom is most lavishly bestowed. We are told that a candidate must first satisfy himself that he can pass the requisite examination (i.e., be certain he can cook his hare), and, in the second place—the divisions of this "lay sermon" are our author's—"consider how he can obtain a nomination" (i.e., cogitate how to catch it). "The member selected," we are further told by the candidate, "must be on the Government side—this is very essential; however, a member of the Opposition sometimes procures a nomination for a party." To give this statement a meaning, we should advise its author to substitute "nearly" for "very;" and we would further remind him that, whatever may be the case with "certificated candidates," educated gentlemen do not talk of a "party" in the sense of an individual. He, however, has a misplaced affection for the term, and uses it so often that we must hint that there would be no more vulgarity and certainly some variety if he would occasionally substitute "cove," or "swell." Our sapient but ungrammatical Mentor proceeds to counsel his yet un-nominated Telemachus to stir up his patron from time to time, and, "above all things," to ask for some difficult and lucrative appointment. Perhaps Telemachus will plunge into the list of salaries at the end of the book, and ask to be nominated for the office of First Lord of the Treasury, or, if four hundred a-year will bound his wish, aspire to that of a maid of honour. His guide, philosopher, and friend, however, keeps a tight hold on him; *favete linguis*, listen to the words of wisdom:—"An applicant who has no particular claim on a member must not be importunate in his solicitations to the member, otherwise he may find, in the long run, that his case is a hopeless one. A member has frequently to refuse an applicant, in which case the party is advised either to abandon his suit, or to endeavour to obtain a stronger amount of influence to bear on the member." Most people may think that "in the long run" is not quite the same thing as "eventually," and that "the party" who "obtains influence to bear," has achieved at least a triumph over the laws of ordinary English. After a good many more hints of a like nature to those we have quoted—some of them so badly expressed that they are actually calculated to mislead the unwary—we reach the following magnificent conclusion, oracular in its manner, still more oracular in its obscurity:—

"The disposal of appointments in the Civil Service by means of competitive examination, may have an injurious political effect, but the author, from his official position, considers that it would be beyond his province to attempt to enter upon the considerations which are incidental to this view of the subject, or to express any opinion with regard to the exercise of patronage in a political sense." A worthless book which professes to help a man at so critical a period of his life, no more deserves mercy than a quack who undertakes a case of consumption. Looking at this work from a practical point of view, we must pronounce it unlikely to be of the slightest service to any one—looking at it from literary one, we must pronounce it discreditable to any "officer of her Majesty's Civil Service" above the rank of a suburban letter-carrier.

*Stunton's Family and School Geography.* Of geographical works there is certainly no lack at the present day, from the pretentious "Cyclopædia" in half a dozen volumes, down to the humbler "First Steps in Geography," in about as many pages; each having its own distinguishing characteristics. The work before us professes to combine in one volume the peculiar excellencies of all; the essential elements of geographical knowledge, which ought to be found in all school works, with the more extended information included in the "Family Cyclopædia." To some extent the author has succeeded; but when he claims the merit of originality in particularising the various productions and manufactures of the world, and in the insertion of a general alphabetical index at the end of the volume, he either presumes strangely on the ignorance of the public, or he displays a very imperfect acquaintance with the labours of his antecessors in the same walks, there being hardly a single geographical work (at all events of those with which we are acquainted) which does not contain an index of this description. Mr. Stunton need only turn to the pages of Stewart, Arrowsmith, or Hughes, to verify our statement on this subject. The only points in which this work differs from others of the same class are, (1.) the tabular arrangement of rivers, with their sources and respective lengths; and (2.) the addition of short biographical notices of individuals, eminent in art, literature, and science. The latter is so questionable an advantage that we should hesitate to recommend the work on these grounds alone, the principle of selection being always open to objection. For instance, we have the birth-place of Mendelssohn recorded, whilst Cimarosa, Gluck, Spohr, Meyerbeer, are passed over in silence. Again, Portsmouth is pointed out as having given birth to Mr. Dickens, but no mention is made of Carlyle, Thackeray, Washington Irving, Hallam, or Macaulay! But the real merit of this work consists in the extent and the accuracy of the information, for which the author has had recourse to the latest and most trustworthy authorities on each subject; in this respect we have been at some pains to test its value as an educational work, and we feel justified in bestowing upon it our most unqualified commendation! A carefully-selected geographical index, occupying forty pages, and containing nearly six thousand names, together with a biographical list of about six hundred names, forms an appropriate close to the volume.

*The Graded Series of Reading Lesson-Books. Book the First.* This is the first of a series of five reading-books, although, we believe, the fourth in the order of publication. The whole series was designed, and in part executed, by the late Mr. Edward Hughes, and, like the rest of his educational works, is well calculated to suit the purpose for which it was written. The present volume, intended for children familiar with the pronunciation of single words, consists of nursery rhymes, fables, parables, and miscellaneous stories. We are glad to see that in the selection of his materials the editor has availed himself of sources foreign as well as domestic; Grimm, Herder and Krummacher contributing quite as much, if not more, than our own Barbauld, Howitt, and Edgeworth.

*Contes par Emile Souvestre.* Seven tales, by Emile Souvestre, varying in length from twenty to eighty pages, constitute a pleasant, readable book for those who have mastered the rudiments of the

French language. We quite agree with Mr. Jessop about the propriety of putting into the hands of the young such books as will serve to give them an interest in their studies; and we would withdraw *Télémaque*, not on account of its "dreariness," but because its pure and elevated morality is quite beyond the grasp of a boyish mind. A few notes, about two hundred in all, placed at the end of the volume, explain the idiomatic difficulties. A short biographical sketch is prefixed to the work; rather meagre, perhaps, but satisfactory as far as it goes.

## OUR FAIRY LAND.

A SONNET SUGGESTED BY THE WORKS OF HANS C. ANDERSEN.

WHERE lies the fairy land so loved of yore?  
This busy age methinks must rudely jar  
The lily bells of Oberon's evening car;  
And day by day grim labour asks for more  
Of those fair fields that fancy roved before.  
Yet, if so be that elves have passed away—  
Lost in the light of reason's fuller ray—  
Still lives their spirit on, nor wanders far:  
For if the kindly soul interpret well,  
In every tender thought of heart and home,  
Some gentle genius still is found to dwell  
In each high hope whence generous actions come:  
Some power of earth or air hath woveen spell,  
And ever about our path good fairies roam.

A. H. H.

## BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

- Abbott (Jacob), Child at Home, Corner Stone, Way to do Good, by Rev. H. Blunt, 18mo., 1s. each. J. Blackwood.  
Animals, their Pictures, Habits, and Uses, 4to., 2s. 6d. Dean.  
Atonement (The), In what does It Consist? 12mo., 1s. J. F. Shaw.  
Baker (T. B.), 186 Skeletons of Sermons, 8vo., 5s. Wertheim.  
Balfour (Mrs.), Toil and Trust Life—Story of Patty the Workhouse Girl, 12mo., 1s. Partridge.  
Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information, vol. 2, 8vo., 4s. 6d. Beeton.  
Bickersteth (Elizabeth and Frances), Memoir, Working and Waiting, 5th edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Seeley.  
Books for the Country—Rodwell's Rat, Its History, &c., 12mo., 1s. 6d. Routledge.  
Bree (C. R.), Species not Transmutable—Critical Examination of Darwin's Origin of Species, post 8vo., 3s. 6d. Groombridge.  
Butler (T.), Practical and Doctrinal Scripture Truths, 8vo., 6s. J. F. Shaw.  
Caplin (Madame), Woman and her Wants—Lectures on the Female Body and its Clothing, post 8vo., 1s. Darton.  
Carpenter (J.), Liber Albus, White Book of the City of London, 4to., 12s. 6d. Griffin.  
Clever Boys of Our Time, post 8vo., 5s. Darton.  
Collins (Willkie), The Woman in White, 5th edition, 3 vols., post 8vo., 5s. 6d. Low.  
Complete Practical Guide to Her Majesty's Civil Service, post 8vo., 3s. 6d. J. Blackwood.  
Cruise in the Pacific, edited by Captain Aylmer, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Hurst and Blackett.  
Danish or Norwegian, Practical Introduction to, 12mo., 4s. Williams.  
Darton's School Library—John's Elements of Geography, new edition, 18mo., 1s. Darton.  
Dean's Moveable Books—Robinson Crusoe, royal 8vo., 2s. Dean.  
Euryalus, Tales of the Sea—A Few Lines from the Diary of a Midshipman, post 8vo., 8s. Potter.  
Evans (S.), Geology Made Easy, 12mo., 1s. Tweedie.  
Fox (George), Life of, by Rev. J. S. Watson, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.  
Friendly Hands and Kindly Words, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Hogg.  
Glenzie (J. E.), Pictures and Stories for Little Children, 18mo., 1s. Christian Knowledge Society.  
Glimpses Beyond Home, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Wertheim.  
Gresley (W.), Idealism Considered with Reference to "Essays and Reviews," 8vo., 1s. Masters.  
Grimm's Household Stories, new edition, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Routledge.  
Harris (T.), Victorian Architecture, 8vo., 1s. Bell.  
Hopes and Fears, Scenes in the Life of a Spinster, by Author of "Heir of Redclyffe," 2 vols., 12mo., 12s. J. W. Parker.  
Howe (H. D.), Something to Amuse You, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Wertheim.  
Hyde (J. T.), Elementary Practice of Fortification, royal 8vo., 10s. 6d. Allen.  
Innes (C.), Concerning some Scotch Surnames, 4to., 5s. Hamilton.  
Johnson (J. B.), The Dog, and How to Break Him, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Allen.  
Johnson (J. B.), The Gun, and How to Use It, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 2s. 6d. Allen.  
Kingston's Annual for Boys, 1861, sgr. 16mo., 5s. Bosworth.  
Lee (W.), Progress of Astronomy, new edition, 8vo., 3s. 6d. Rivingtons.  
Lindsay (Colin) Union and Unity—Address to the English Church Union, 8vo., 1s. Masters.  
Lyon (Rev. S.), Model Merchant of Middle Ages, 8vo., 6s. Hamilton.  
Martin (W.), Holiday Tales for Schoolboys, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Darton.  
National Magazine, vol. 8, royal 8vo., 7s. 6d. Kent.  
Nursery Playmate, illustrated, 4to., 5s. Low.  
Okeley (W. B.), Development of Christian Architecture in Italy, royal 8vo., 14s. Longman.  
Patmore ( Coventry), Faithful for Ever, 12mo., 6s. J. W. Parker.

Poetry of Nature, Selected and Illustrated by Harrison Weir, royal 8vo., 12s. Low.  
 Pope, the Prince, and the People, 8vo., 1s. Burns.  
 Power (F. B.), Behold!—Some Passages of Scripture in which God Arrests the Attention of Men, 12mo., 1s. Wertheim.  
 Railway Library—James (G. P. E.), Black Eagle, Ticonderoga, 12mo., 2s.  
 Run and Read Library—Nemesis, the Avenger, 12mo., 2s. Simpkin.  
 Schoppe's Henry and Mary, Translated by Susan Cobbett, 12mo., 2s. Simpkin.  
 Select Services of the Church of England, Nos. 2 and 3, 1s. each. Sheard.  
 Selected Waltzes, Quadrilles, Varsouvianas, Polkas, Redowas, 4to., 4s. Sheard.  
 Senior Fellow, by Author of "Squires and Parsons," post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.  
 Smith (Jas.), Gleams of Grace, 32mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Simpkin.  
 St. David's (Bp.), Letter to Rev. Rowland Williams, 8vo., 2s. 6d. Rivington.  
 Stewart (W. J.), Boughing it with Alick Baillie, 12mo., 5s. Seeley.  
 Tasso and Leonora, by Author of "Mary Powell," 12mo., 2s. Dean.  
 Tennyson (A.), The May Queen, Illustrated, post 8vo., 7s. 6d. Low.  
 Tomlinson (C.), Dew Drop and the Mist, Account of Atmospheric Vapour, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Christian Knowledge Society.  
 Turkey in 1860, by "R. J. C.," 8vo., 1s. Baillière.  
 Tweed and Don, Recollections of an Angler for last Fifty Years, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Simpkin.  
 Veres (T.), Loving Counsels—Recollections of Sermons, 3rd edition, post 8vo., 3s. and 4s. 6d. Wertheim.  
 Walker (H.), Physical Constitution of the Sun, post 8vo., 2s. Taylor and Fry.  
 Warner (Biddaph), Adrift, or the Fortunes of Connor Blake, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Winer (G. B.), Grammar of New Testament Diction, 2nd edition, 8vo., 12s. Hamilton.  
 Wynter (A.), Curiosities of Civilisation, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 6s. Hardwicke.  
 Wordsworth (W.), Excursion, Notes by Aspland, 12mo., 1s. Whittaker.  
 Zion's Witness, vol. 2, 8vo., 2s. 6d. Partridge.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, of Great Marlborough Street, announce the following works in their list of publications forthcoming:—"Memoirs of the Courts and Cabinets of William IV. and Victoria, from original Family Documents," by the Duke of Buckingham, 2 vols. "Studies from Life," by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," 1 vol. "Memorials, Personal and Historical, of Admiral Lord Gambier, with original Letters from Lord Chatham, Lord Nelson, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Mulgrave, Fox, Canning, &c.," edited, from Family Papers, by Lady Chatterton, 2 vols. "British Artists, from Hogarth to Turner, being a Series of Biographical Sketches," by Mr. Walter Thornbury, 2 vols. "A Book about Doctors," by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, 2 vols. "Six Years of a Traveller's Life in Western Africa," by Francisco Valdez, 2 vols. "A Saunter through the West End," by Leigh Hunt, 1 vol. "The English Sportsman in the Western Prairies," by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, 1 vol., with illustrations. "Two Years in Switzerland and Italy," by Fredrika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, 2 vols. "The Valley of a Hundred Fires," by the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," 3 vols. "Katherine and her Sisters," by Lady Emily Ponsonby, 3 vols. "The House on the Moor," by the Author of "Margaret Maitland," &c., 3 vols. "High Places," by G. T. Louth, Esq., author of the "Wanderer in Arabia," &c., 3 vols.

MESSRS NISBET AND CO. are about to publish as a gift-book "Exposition of the Cartoons of Raphael" by R. H. Smith, jun., Illustrated by Photographs from the originals.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Society for the Advancement of Education in Staffordshire was held on Monday last, when Lord Ingestre presided, and delivered the prizes, remarking that it was satisfactory to all to find the working of the rule that a Bible prize must have been obtained before any money prize could be received. He valued government assistance, but a great deal might be done without it; for instance, he had provided for the education of sixty children at an expenditure of £50 a year, who, if they had waited till a government grant had been obtained, would receive no education at all. The meeting was remarkable for the presence of two Frenchmen, MM. Garnier Pagés and Ernest Desmarest, who, with Mr. Adderley, the Rev. J. R. Norris, and others, took part in the proceedings.

## The Literary Gazette.

### MR. MUDIE'S REPLY.

In the *Athenæum* of Saturday last Mr. C. E. Mudie published what we presume we are to consider his reply to our article of the previous week. We do not propose, on the present occasion, to do more than call attention to this letter, in which Mr. C. E. Mudie appeals to "the better sense of the public." Mr. C. E. Mudie's reason for not replying to what he chooses to style a personal attack, in the columns in which such an attack was made, is his dislike of the "tone" of our article. We do not doubt that Mr. C. E. Mudie has every reason to dislike the tone of the article, just as the culprit at the bar dislikes the tone of the prosecutor or the judge. We made a number of definite charges against him in our article, and let us see how he disposes of them. In passing, however, we must avow our disappointment at the inferior character of his letter to the *Athenæum* from a merely literary point of view. We had anticipated something like Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield—a weighty and yet brilliant epistle. The autocratic critic, before whom unfortunate authors bow and tremble, or are crushed, for whose whims they are obliged to change titles, or expunge passages—to whose taste, in short, they are forced to write if they would hope to succeed—such a lofty personage, we say, might surely, when he turns author himself, favour the public with something better than a clumsy conglomeration of bald and irrelevant truisms, finishing off with an advertisement. "The following list," says Mr. C. E. Mudie in the concluding paragraph of his letter, "of the total number of works added since January, 1858, may interest your readers, as it indicates to some extent the relative circulation of various classes of works in the [current] literature." Here follow the statistics. As Sarah, in "Midshipman Easy," excused her pre-nuptial infant on the ground of its being a "little one," so Mr. C. E. Mudie excuses the way in which his library has been produced by assuring us that it is a large one. We regret sincerely that Mr. Mudie has written this letter. It is calculated to impair the awe with which we have been inclined to look upon his name. The letter is the letter of Mudie the tradesman; not Mudie the institution.

And now what are our charges against Mr. Mudie put categorically? First, we accused him of making the publishers sell him their books at half-price or even less. This Mr. C. E. Mudie simply answers by classing it amongst the imaginary accusations which he styles "impertinent and untrue,"—a simple but not conclusive argument. Our next and more important charge was that Mr. C. E. Mudie selects books capriciously, and rejects any which are not in accordance with his own principles, despite their intrinsic merit, or the interest with which they may be regarded by another section of opinion. And how does Mr. C. E. Mudie answer this? By a number of incoherent statements to the effect that he has "always reserved the right of selection." Of course that is what we never denied, or wished to abrogate. It is his principle of selection of which we complain. "There must evidently be some reservation, for reasons purely commercial." "No library would provide space for all the books that *might* be written." People "are evidently willing to have a barrier be-

tween themselves and lower kinds of literature." Why, Mr. Mudie writes as if we had been blaming him for not admitting Eugene Sue or Mr. G. M. W. Reynolds. We could mention a number of works published by eminently respectable firms which Mr. Mudie has proscribed. But we refer our readers to our correspondence columns, where they will find ample confirmation of all we have said. A letter to the *Guardian* of the current week, and the remarks of our contemporary upon it, we also lay before our readers. As for Mr. C. E. Mudie's reply, we triumphantly appeal to that, too, to corroborate our charges. A sorer attempt at refutation it has never been our lot to meet with.

### THE WEEK.

#### IMPERIALISM AND THE PRESS.

"The French, they are the children of newspapers," says "Eöthen," and the remark is far more true now than when Mr. Kinglake wrote. Besides its own "Moniteur," to give a "tone" to general opinion, and its "Débats" to back it up, who does not recognise France's new system of having its newspaper press in its neighbour's country? Russia started "Le Nord," and Louis Napoleon is known to have saved from hopeless ruin more than one London paper. The latest news of the kind of which we have heard, is that our Imperial ally has enlisted into his service the French paper "l'Illustration," one peculiarly well adapted to his purposes. When we go abroad, we find our own "Illustrated London News" everywhere—that is, everywhere that English is spoken. But then we find "l'Illustration" everywhere that French is spoken, and French has become something like the European language. In the fight for power, newspapers begin to be regarded as regular munitions of war. We may have our journals steel-plated, and each column rifled, but the thing least to be feared will be a heavy discharge of lead. These curious facts are at least complimentary to journalism. A well-conducted newspaper is more than the cabinet minister, who, in the words of the laureate, can—

"Mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of a throne."

It decides what shall be the decrees moulded, and what shall be the whispers shaped.

#### THE LATE MR. INGRAM, M.P.

Boston paid the last earthly honours to its valued member, Mr. Herbert Ingram, on Friday se'night. There is no doubt that the tribute thus paid was entirely owing to the talent and enterprise of the lamented gentleman as a journalist. In Parliament he was nothing; nothing oratorical or active—but to good principles he was a valuable ally, and was always found in the lobby when liberality and justice combined for victory. Without any ill-executed piece of architectural nonsense at Boston, the simple epitaph for Herbert Ingram is to be found in the fact, that nearly a hundred of his personal friends from London attended his funeral, that the shops were almost all closed, and that about twenty thousand people lined the road of the procession.

#### A NOTE ON QUOTATION.

There is a story told of a gentleman being considerably affected on seeing Dover spelt Dover, with an extra O. "And it's my native place, too," he said. On a similar or analogous principle, we are always dreadfully distressed at finding a quotation misquoted. We were certainly not born with a quotation on our lips, but we took to them at a precocious age, and take a pedantic pride in being perfectly correct. What nerves could remain unmoved over this—which absolutely appeared, a few days since, in the "Thunderer"—

"And triches hang that juryman may dine."

There could have been no typographical error, as is proved by the context. The "Times" (by the way) was very positive about the "New Zealander" affair. Six years ago, when they quoted him daily, they were reminded that the original idea was in Shelley, but they were heedless; nor would they be convinced until something like all society came to the attack.

During the week the "Times" has spoken of the

"strenuous idleness" of the House of Commons. There is an everyday saying, constantly in print, and few people know its origin. It is (from the Latin) in Dr. Young's "Night Thoughts"—a fine work, now but little read, and one of the greatest founts of everyday phrases that the English language can boast. Here are some surprising commonplaces. For instance—

"Procrastination is the thief of Time,"  
is, we believe, tolerably well known, but not so—

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"  
"To waft a feather or to drown a fly,"  
"Earn daily bread by washing Ethiopians fair."

And here is a line strikingly like the half-verse in Goldsmith's "Hermit":—

"Man wants but little, nor that little long."

#### POPULARITY MEN.

The week furnishes a curious example of the extent to which a love of popularity will lead very sensible men. No one can have forgotten how, some years since, Mr. Gladstone asserted the truth of some alleged calumnies by paying a visit to Naples and inspecting the Bourbon prisons there. His letters to Lord Aberdeen thoroughly awoke England to the horrors of the Neapolitan atrocities; and, tracing events to their sources, it is not difficult to see that the success of Garibaldi is partially attributable to our Chancellor of the Exchequer. But for his famous reputation for truth and honour, crowned heads might have doubted and interfered. The work having been done, this week the work is all done twice over again. Lord Llanover, who, as Sir Benjamin Hall, never lost an opportunity of court-ship popularity, writes to the "Times" to say that what Mr. Gladstone said some years back was quite true, for he himself had seen the prisons lately. Fired with this, Mr. Edwin James writes next day to the "Times," to say that what Lord Llanover said was quite true, for he himself accompanied Lord Llanover. At present, then, Mr. James is in a difficulty, until some other traveller verifies his statement in turn.

#### MUSIC.

##### HER MAJESTY'S.

Her Majesty's Theatre was opened on Wednesday last with a performance of the "Trovatore." On this occasion a new candidate for public favour came forward in the person of Signor Briani (? Mr. Brien), who took the part of the *Conte di Luna*. Of Signor Briani's qualifications, either as a vocalist or an actor, it would be unfair to judge from this, his first appearance on our stage; for, besides exhibiting an unusual amount of nervousness, he was evidently suffering from a severe cold and hoarseness. Madame Lemaire again filled the part of *Azucena*, and Signor Giuglini that of *Manrico*; Mademoiselle Titiens' dramatic impersonation of *Leonora* is too well known to make any comments on this occasion necessary.

But the great musical event of the week, or it may be of the present season, has been the production of Macfarren's new opera, the much-talked of "Robin Hood," on Thursday evening last. It was originally intended that this opera should have been presented on the opening night; but the vast preparations requisite for bringing it out with any degree of completeness necessitated its postponement to a later period; and it was accordingly adjourned from Monday to Thursday. A still further delay might perhaps have been advisable, for there were many shortcomings, especially in the third act; but Mr. Smith's laudable anxiety to keep faith with the public overruled all other considerations; and this is so rare a virtue among managers, that we feel bound to hold it up as an example to be followed, rather than a defect to be avoided.

The plot of the opera, as might be inferred from the name, is extremely simple. The scene is laid in the High Street of Nottingham, where *Robin Hood*, under the assumed name of *Locksley*, has succeeded in gaining the affections of *Marian*, the Sheriff's daughter; the Sheriff himself declaring he will gladly take *Locksley* for his son-in-law, provided he can prove his skill as a marksman at the fair which is to be held on the following day. At the same time he issues a proclamation for the apprehension of *Robin Hood*, little suspecting the identity of that terrible individual with his future

son-in-law. The same evening the *Sompnour*, an officer of the Ecclesiastical Court, travelling through the forest, is robbed of his money by *Robin Hood* and his men; and is on the point of being hanged by them, when, at the intercession of Robin, his life is spared, but on condition that he shall dance for the amusement of his band. The next day the trial of skill takes place, and *Robin Hood*, as a matter of course, is victorious; the Sheriff bestows his daughter's hand upon him, and everything seems to favour their happiness, when lo! the *Sompnour*, in the disguise of a mendicant, which he had assumed for this purpose, returns and discovers *Robin Hood*, who is instantly seized and ordered for execution.

The music of this opera is of the most refined and thoughtful character throughout. Possessing neither the gorgeous beauty of "Dinorah," nor the brilliance of "Lurline," it yet has a merit peculiarly its own—that of being thoroughly English in tone and sentiment. In the choruses "The hunters wake with the early morn" (vocal score, p. 22), "These hearts are hard as rocks" (vocal score, p. 52), and "Normans, do whatever you can" (p. 58); but more especially in the Round Dance, in the middle of the second act (vocal score, p. 160), this feature is strikingly apparent; partly also in the overture, which, by the way, was the only piece to which an *encore* was awarded. Two lovely ballads—"True love in my heart" (p. 38), and "Hail! happy morn" (p. 22), both assigned to the soprano, are models of elegance and true musical expression.

[We are unavoidably compelled to defer the remainder of our notice till next week.]

##### COVENT GARDEN.

No changes have taken place at this establishment since our report of last week. Wallace's opera of "Lurline," though no longer a novelty, still possessing sufficient attractions to draw together unusually large audiences. Miss Leffler, in the character of *Glivia*, the Baron's daughter, improves upon acquaintance; her quiet and unobtrusive manners having already rendered her a great favourite with the *habitués* of this house. With the exception of a new opera by Balfe, there is no specific announcement of any novelties; but we are in a position to state that the rehearsals of Verdi's *Trovatore* (in an English garb of course) are being actively carried on; and that Gounod's *Faust* will, before long, be presented to the public; the English version from the pen of Mr. Chorley.

##### CRYSTAL PALACE.

The third and last of the so-called Italian concerts came off on Tuesday. Considered as a pecuniary speculation, this was perhaps the most successful of the series, the concert room being filled to overflowing. In consequence of the demands made upon Madame Lemaire's time, as a member of two distinct operatic companies, the contralto part, which this lady had previously taken, was assigned to Miss Augusta Thomson, Madlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Violett retaining their accustomed parts of soprano, tenor and bass respectively. The selections were of the usual character; on Saturday from the "Trovatore" and "Martha," including, of course, the famous "Miserere" and "The Last Rose of Summer;" and on Tuesday from "Don Giovanni" and "Les Huguenots." On the last occasion Herold's brilliant "Overture to Zampa" served as an introduction to the second part, and Mendelssohn's glorious "Wedding March" brought it to a termination. Mr. Benedict, as conductor, was replaced by Signor Arditi.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### THE LYCEUM.

Madame Celeste has wisely withdrawn Mr. Tom Taylor's last effort, and during the past week has introduced to the public, not a new piece, but a new actress—Miss Josephine Gougenheim, whose name has been so extensively placarded over London for some days, and on such a gigantic scale. Miss Gougenheim made her debut as *Norah Merriem* in Mr. Dion Boucicault's comedy of the "Irish Heiress," on Monday last, before a crowded house. Her showy figure and attractive face, combined with an exquisitely gentle Irish brogue, and a sprightly, but at the same time lady-like, style of acting, make her a

great acquisition to Madame Celeste's company, which, to say the truth, has hitherto been rather weak in its fairer department. The "Irish Heiress" is a very different piece from Mr. Boucicault's latest success, "The Colleen Bawn," having a very slight plot and no very exciting incidents. Perhaps its most striking scene is where Mr. George Vining, as *Lord William Darenty*, gets drunk. Though intoxication is not generally a very pleasant spectacle, everybody must be amused at Mr. Vining's representation of it, which is suspiciously accurate, and though his intoxication is of a different "class" from that of Mr. Robson in "Boots at the Swan," it may well bear comparison with that famous inebriation. Mr. Neville, as the somewhat hot-headed lover, and Mr. Rouse as *Major Foss*, are both worthy of praise. Altogether, the "Irish Heiress" went off admirably, and Miss Gougenheim and Mr. George Vining were loudly summoned before the curtain at the conclusion of the piece. We cannot end without lamenting that the lessee should have reproduced such a play as the "Abbé Vaudreuil," which, though well enough for children and any who have not seen the "Wizard of the North" or *Wiljalba Frikell*, is too absurd for grown-up men and women, and all who prefer a play to a conglomeration of stage tricks. However, we must give all credit to Madame Celeste for the splendid way in which it is put on the stage.

##### OLYMPIC.

On Thursday night was produced a new farce by J. M. Morton, entitled "A Regular Fix," which fully carries out its name. Mr. Robson, as *Hugh de Bras*, is the centre on which the plot revolves. The above-mentioned Mr. *Hugh de Bras* (Robson), in some mysterious manner, finds himself in the drawing-room of *Mr. Surplus*, a gentleman to whom he is a perfect stranger, and being unable to leave the premises in consequence of the dreadful apparition of a bailiff outside—seen through the window, "glued to the lamp-post"—a series of *contretemps* ensues, to follow which out would be beyond our space; we need, therefore, only add that the "*deus ex machina*" arrives at length in the shape of *Mr. Smiler*, who intimates, to the amazement of all, that the supposed adventurer, *Mr. H. de Bras*, is suddenly become possessed of a baronetcy and £7,000 a-year, which announcement at once brings everything to an amicable conclusion. The plot, though rather far-fetched, is relieved by that incessant play upon words, and quibbling comicality which characterises all the writings of this prolific author. Mr. Robson, as hero, is as usual inimitable; Mr. G. Cooke, as *Mr. Surplus* (an old lawyer, in whose house the scene is laid), was as dry and droll as ever. The other parts, which included as usual a voluble housemaid, played by Miss Seymour, a starved housekeeper, by Mrs. Leigh Murray, a fascinating heroine, by Miss Cottrell, although admitting of no great originality of treatment, were well sustained. At the end of the piece Mr. Robson was loudly called for, when he announced that it would be repeated every evening till further notice.

#### FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY. — CORNELIUS AND RAPHAEL'S APOLLO AND MARSYAS.—The celebrated painter Cornelius, Director of the Berlin Academy, but at present in Rome engaged on the cartoons for the frescoes that are to decorate the walls of the great cemetery now constructing at Berlin, has within the last few days delivered his judgment upon the above-mentioned work. This judgment is thoroughly in harmony with that pronounced upon it by every man in Europe of recognised connoisseurship who has seen it. He declares this famous masterpiece to be unquestionably and patently by Raphael, and distinguished, moreover, even among Raphael's works, for the delicacy and *amore* with which it is executed; that only the grossly ignorant or such as have a motive, an interest in undermining it, can have insinuated aught to the contrary; and that he will maintain what he has advanced before the whole world, whether against intriguers or others. A supreme good fortune would it have been for art, he added, could another painter have created such a work, for then the world had seen two Raphaels, not one only.

## THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CAMBRIDGE.

The little proctorial excitement to which I alluded in my former communication, was brought to a close soon after my letter was despatched. In that letter, I spoke of a memorial to the Council of the Senate, asking that body to nominate Mr. George Williams again. His friends believed that the University was not disposed to sanction the act done by a section of their body, and that if the question could be tried fairly, when the members of the Senate were in Cambridge in tolerably large numbers, and it was distinctly understood that opinion was to be tested by votes, the decision of the 1st instant would be reversed. There is certainly this to be said, that although opposition to Mr. Williams had been talked about, there was no formal announcement of the fact, no fly-leaves circulating in the University, and consequently no preparation to meet the opposition. And so, to some extent, the whole affair was in the nature of a surprise. Under such circumstances, it was natural to want a new trial, and thirty-eight members of the Senate memorialised the Council to that effect. The memorialists did not belong to any particular party, political or academical. It is said that two members of the Council were in favour of agreeing to the prayer of the memorial; but the majority, either thinking they should be overstepping the line of their power, or that the decision of the Senate had already been fairly pronounced, were against it, and the result was that the Rev. W. F. Witts and the Rev. J. Brocklebank, both Fellows of King's College, were put in nomination by the Council. Now, Mr. Witts is an intimate personal friend of Mr. Williams, and perhaps no one felt more keenly the insult put upon that gentleman: he therefore, at the very earliest moment, announced by circular that he should not accept the office to which the Council had nominated him. I presume, if Mr. Witts had sought the office, the friends of Mr. Williams would have supported him, and so the question would have been tried over again, although not in the most satisfactory manner. But the circular of Mr. Witts changed the aspect of affairs, and on Friday morning Mr. Brocklebank was elected without real opposition.

I believe no person in the University remembers a case of rejection of a college nominee to the office of proctor. There is an instance of a moderator being rejected by grace of the Senate more than a century ago, namely, in 1757: he too was a member of King's College, the Rev. Christopher Mayes, chaplain. No second moderator was appointed that year, and the whole work was done by Mr. Lowther Yates, of St. Catherine's.

It has been said, I perceive, that the rejection of Mr. Williams was due to the unpopularity of his opinions upon the proctorial office generally, that is, to his disposition to uphold the office of proctor as a useful, if not an indispensable, disciplinary instrument, in the face of the unworthy efforts which are being made to abolish it. I believe this is quite an erroneous view of the affair; indeed, I am sure that there are amongst the opponents of Mr. Williams, gentlemen who give no countenance whatever to the anti-proctorial agitation that has been going on outside the University. I cannot, on the other hand, undertake to say that any of the few members of the Senate who sympathise with the interested agitators without, gave their support to Mr. Williams. All, however, that I wish to do on this point is, to guard your readers against the incorrect inference that there is within the University a body of anti-proctorial gentlemen, so considerable that they can force their views upon the Senate.

Freshmen are coming up fast this week, and before the end of next week I suppose the University will be full, and the whole educational machinery getting into working order. The entry of students is understood to be larger in the aggregate than it was last year, although some of the smaller colleges do not show any great improvement, nor does St. John's come well up to the mark.

Tuesday, the 11th of December, has been fixed for the commencement of the examination of students who are not members of the University, at the various centres. I wish some one would invent a short title for this examination. It used at first

to be called the *Non-Gremial* examination; but so odd-sounding and strange-looking a name did not take, and it has dropped into disuse. If gentlemen have tried their hands at giving a name, as I daresay they have, their efforts have not yet been attended with success, and we are compelled to go wasting our breath in talking about the examination of students who are not members of the University. Middle-class examination is condemned as invidious.

In the list for the electoral roll of the University for the ensuing year, which the Vice-Chancellor has promulgated, there are 254 names. On Saturday, the 20th instant, the list will be revised; and as I observe the names of some gentlemen who are dead, and of some who have not resided within a mile and a half of Great St. Mary's for the statutable period of fourteen weeks, I presume the revised list will contain fewer names.

The re-arrangement of Mr. Hulse's benefaction includes a Hulsean Professor of Divinity, to be elected by the Vice-Chancellor, the Masters of Trinity, of St. John's, and the Lady Margaret's Regius and Norrisian Professors of Divinity. The election of the first Hulsean Professor will take place at Magdalen Lodge, on Tuesday, the 30th instant. If the late Archdeacon Hardwick had been alive, it is probable that the professorship would have been his: he used to be marked out for it when the change was under discussion. It may be that Mr. Eliott will be elected.

There were eighteen candidates for eight vacant Fellowships at Trinity. On Wednesday morning the election was announced to have fallen upon the following gentlemen:—Robert James Donne, Edmond Henry Fisher, William Sammarz Smith, Edward Peake Rouse, Joseph Prior, Henry Turner, Matthew Grosvenor Snooke, and Charles Henry Tawney.

THE ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—We understand that this important enterprise has been received so favourably by the commercial and monetary public, that the list of applicants for bonds will close on Tuesday next, the 16th, instead of being kept open till the 1st of November, as was originally intended. The line of railway, for which a million dollars of mortgage bonds is now issued, will be 378 miles in length, and when finished will be the connecting link of a chain of communication, 1,200 miles in length, of a uniform gauge throughout, extending from New York, through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to St. Louis. So favourable is the country for engineering purposes, that, according to carefully prepared estimates, the cost of constructing this gigantic work will not exceed £7,400 sterling per mile. Rarely has any undertaking, whether of American or British origin, been ushered into the world under more encouraging auspices. The remunerative element, immediate and prospective, will of course be the first consideration with intending investors, and in this respect it would be difficult to point to anything more satisfactory than the testimony borne to the project by eminent and competent individuals, founded on their acquaintance with the country traversed and the profits realised on analogous lines, and on the portions of the great chain of the "Atlantic and Great Western" already at work. One or two extracts will suffice to show the nature of the credentials held by the directors. George Carlisle, Esq., banker, Cincinnati, writes:—"I think the location and advantages of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad are equal to, if not surpassing, any road connecting the east with the west, the Lake Shore road not excepted, which is making so much money; the nett profits are not less than thirty per cent. per annum, and business constantly increasing." So much for the profits. The integrity and trustworthiness of the promoters are thus vouched for by the highly respected representative of the United States in this country. Mr. Dallas, in acknowledging the receipt of letters of introduction to General C. L. Ward, "from the highest sources, and of the strongest character," says—"No doubt can be rationally entertained of the great importance and value of the public work to which these papers relate, or of the high reputation for integrity and intelligence enjoyed by those who have it under their care."

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, October 10.

The great event of the week has been the funeral ceremony, at Notre Dame, for M. de Pimodan and his companions who fell at Castelfidardo. This is altogether a strange history, and shows to what a degree the country has been impressed by what has taken place in the Papal States. When first the news of the event came, the plan was conceived by the parishioners of St. Thomas d'Aquin (M. de Pimodan's parish) to have a service performed there, but this was prevented by the authorities, because they feared a "manifestation," as it is called. Hearing of this arbitrary act, however, the people of the provinces and the provincial clergy took the matter up, and large towns, such as Bordeaux, Nantes, &c., instantly caused a funeral ceremony to be organised. This went on for a week or ten days, the Archbishop of Paris (a very timid man) hanging back from the responsibility of any official homage to be paid to the leader of the French Papal brigade. At last the Parisian clergy signified to their chief that if he did not order a service to be performed, they (the curés) would successively and severally cause one to be performed in each of their churches! At this the Archbishop gave way, and announced the ceremony for Friday last. The Emperor forbade it; the Archbishop was forced to prove to his Majesty that he had no power to do so; the Emperor then tried persuasion, but nothing would do; the Archbishop said it must be, and couldn't be helped, and accordingly it took place last Friday. The authorities, highly incensed, however, sought for some means of having a popular re-action got up outside the church, but they failed totally, and the agents sent for that purpose said they could not carry it out!

I assure you the cathedral of Notre Dame was a curious sight on this occasion. It was filled to overflowing, and that with persons of all ranks and classes, the highest born gentlemen in the land and the humblest artisans, besides a crowd of shopkeepers, many officers in uniform, and a certain number of functionaries. Of course the Parisian clergy were in force. It is reckoned that about 300 priests from the different parishes were present. But the most impressive incident that took place occurred at the close. When all was over, we, the spectators, perceived a movement towards the upper end of the church, and a swaying of the crowd to right and left; then it opened its ranks, and an elderly man appeared, leading by the hand a little child. This was M. Pimodan's eldest boy, led by General Oudinot. I have never yet seen a French crowd show such marks of passionate respect; men and women of every class pressed forward either to kiss or touch the child, but that with as much reverence as earnestness, and with loud whispered words of admiration and sympathy. In this way the boy and his guide went down the long aisles of Notre Dame, and when they reached the door a dense crowd was waiting outside, on the so-called Place du Parvis. When the child was lifted into the carriage, a low hum went through the masses gathered round, every hat and cap was raised, and all heads remained uncovered till the carriage was out of sight. This I beheld with my own eyes, and I have seen few more striking scenes. You must not forget that the whole took place in direct opposition to the Emperor's positive orders.

To turn from grave to gay, another event, of a very different species, pre-occupies the art-lovers of this strange capital. It is rumoured that Rachel has found a successor. At the Odéon, a theatre at the extreme end of the town—a theatre to frequent which it has been jokingly said, you must keep "post horses"—at the Odéon a young actress, named Madlle. Karoly, has come out in the classic tragedy line, and her name on the bills literally suffices to fill the house. The theatre on these nights makes all it can make, which is between £200 and £300, (English).

Madlle. Karoly has played the part of *Camille* in "Les Horaces" and of *Hermione* in "Andromaque"; and though her success is far greater in the first than in the last, still her attractive power shows itself peculiarly equal in both. What I object to in this *débütante* is,

that I do not really know whether she has any talent or not. She may be a great actress—we shall see that later; or she may be simply an uncommonly well-taught parrot. She has far too much of Rachel, and a little of Sophie-Cruvelli. I should like to know what there is of herself. If there is anything of herself, I should be inclined to augur rather well of her; but I repeat it, as yet I do not clearly make her out. Madlle. Karoly is rather handsome than otherwise, and has that peculiar beauty that seems of late years to be so fashionable in France for the stage. She has a wild, savage sort of air, with a tragic pallor, expressive eyes, and a hoarse, rough voice, which is to my ears disagreeable, but which appears to charm Parisian audiences, and constitute what they regard as the true tragic *organe*.

But what most surprises me in all this, and what is not to be denied, is the genuine untiring love of the classical drama that it proves on the part of the public. That Théophile Gautier spoke the truth when he said the French were the "Chinese of Europe," few people will, I take it, be disposed to deny; and the one paramount proof of it lies in their unshakable faith in the classic drama of the seventeenth century. It is worthy of note that this nation, of whose "levity" and "inconstancy" other races are so given to talk, can (alone, perhaps, of all European communities) go on year after year, and under the most opposite circumstances, listening to the same *tirades* and adoring the same particular form of theatrical representation, that form being the most unnatural and most conventional that ever was invented. Under Louis XIV., Corneille and Racine both flourish and excite the rapture of the court, the aristocracy, and what might then be termed the "public" at large. This is explicable enough, and between the high-stilted drama of these two undeniably great poets and the stiff formal mode of *existence* of society in general, there might be considerable sympathy. But Louis XIV. and his etiquette-bound *entourage* passed away, and the mincing, frivolous, half washed-out, Watteau-like age of the Regency and of Louis XV. succeeded; and still the stern, stiff, impossible, *unreal* heroes and heroines of the classic drama held undivided sway. And then came the Revolution, with its guillotine and *sans culottes*, and fish wives, and universal vulgarity; and the Revolution overthrew everything except *la tragédie*: it cut off the heads of the nobles, massacred the priests, forbade families from bearing their own names, but it left the classic drama standing, and, still more, it bowed down before it and made it an idol, and *Camille* and *Agrippine*, and *Oreste* and *Britannicus*, were more the rulers of the stage than they had ever been. In its turn, the Revolution was gobbled up by the Empire, and a totally new order of things was established—totally new, excepting so far as the *drame classique* was concerned. That went on reigning supreme, and the queens of Bonaparte's making worshipped Talma, and Madlle. Duchenois as the genuine princesses did *La Champmeslé*, in the days of *Le Grand Roi* and Versailles! The men and women of the Empire are absolute copies of the personages of the French stage; and if Napoleon has a rival, it is undoubtedly *Sylla*, as Talma used to represent him! Madame Recamier has, as she tells us in her "Memoires," to try and obtain her father's freedom from prison, and she is taken by Bernadotte to the box of the two Bonaparte princesses (!) at the Français; but the future queen of Naples and her sister are too busy with the helmet worn by Lafont in the part of *Achilles*, to pay any attention to her till the piece is ended! "*Le Casque d'Achille*!" What affair of real life can be so important as that?

And so it goes on. Waterloo annihilates Bonaparte, but does not crush the Théâtre Français, the "constitution" whereof dates from Moscow and the Russian campaign; and the Restoration, and the July Monarchy, and the Republic of '48, and the new-done-up Empire of '52, all bow down at the old shrine, as we do not at Shakespeare's! And here we have a young girl springing into artistic life, having her choice of specialities before her, and she chooses *la tragédie*, and draws crammed houses to the deserted Odéon. Again I say, Gautier was right; these people are the Chinese of Europe.

Last month the sums realised by all the Parisian spectacles was 1,358,803 francs (nearly £45,000).

These two months are those in which generally most money is made, on account of the number of foreigners passing through.

#### CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

We subjoin a translation of a review in the "Wiener Zeitung," of Sept. 2, 1890, of Julius Feifalik's "Studien zur Böhmischem Literaturgeschichte."—

In order justly to estimate the attempts made by Feifalik to complete a history of Bohemian literature, it is necessary first to glance over the treatment it has formerly received, and to remark how authors have hitherto confined themselves to mere bibliographical enumeration of existing works, and how little attention they have paid to its internal development. Even to Dobroutsky and Zungmann, whose book is still indispensable, and to the latest history of Bohemian literature (Simbrera's), though their merits must ever be acknowledged, the same remark applies equally. What is required is a just comprehension of the Bohemian literature considered as a whole, not only as to its own development upon fixed and necessary laws, but in its connection with the literature of the rest of Europe. The previous treatment of Bohemian literary history fails in the same points in which many of our treatises on Italian and Romance literature are really deficient. They are rather histories of learning (letters) than of literature. There is no adequate consideration of other literature; and hence frequent misconception of the intimate connection and changing effects of European literature as a mass.

So far then as Bohemian literature is concerned, we find in some of Nedesky's dissertations an approach to such a mode of viewing the subject, but less familiarity with the older German literature; hence the result of his labour is frequently a collection of dry literary notices, or an attempt to popularise German inquiry into the various phenomena of literature. They indeed are often more taken up with discussing German or French literatures than with the subject under examination. We must regard it as especially praiseworthy that the young author, in his works which now occupy us, seeks to grasp the Bohemian literature as well in its entirety as in the several phenomena connecting it with the history of the people and their development. He seeks to prove the sources whence flowed the various poems, as well as to direct attention to the peculiarities of each work, and the characteristics of the *dramatis personæ*—in which accurate study of the individual works appears to have rendered him good service. At the same time, as is evident from these treatises, he possesses a competent knowledge of other European literature, more especially of the ancient German, and of the early Latin ecclesiastical literature, which, with the many religious poems existing in the Bohemian, is by no means unimportant. For, as in many other branches of science, so in literary inquiry the comparative system is the only safe one, especially in the history of the middle ages, when, even more than in modern times, notwithstanding many individual anomalies and differences produced by nationality and various developing circumstances, the whole of western and central Europe were governed, even if in different degrees, by one spirit and one bias. Each nation adopted its own portion of the culture universal in Europe during the middle ages, from its most immediate neighbour whence it was most easily attained. Literary privileges and unfettered inquiry, as we understand them, scarcely existed. What, then, is more natural than that the Bohemians, in their old literature, closely follow the German literature? The constant intercourse (commenced early) between the two nations, the course of middle age civilisation, pursued from west to east, necessitated it; and the positions, occasionally hostile, in which countries stood to each other, could in this respect be no barrier. The Bohemians on their side

communicated what they had received to the Poles and Russians, ay, even to the Magyars.

We have an interesting instance of this and of the adoption and circulation of foreign traditional lore over a wide extent of country given us in the academical treatise, with the sequel to it in "Zwei Böhmisches Volksbücher zur Sage von Reinfrid von Braunschweig." The national tradition of Germany touching Reinfrid von Braunschweig (Brunswick), or Henry the Lion, rests on a partly mythical foundation, was received into and adopted by the Bohemian literature about the thirteenth century, and penetrated with slight variations into Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. From among the German Folk-heroes—one, or rather two, father and son—have among the Bohemians been raised to the dignity of princes, whose enterprises have all been undertaken for the glorification of the Bohemian name. So at least the subject is treated in a poem of the 13th century, which is indeed lost to us, but of which evident traces and long series of rhymes have been preserved in the prose analysis still frequently found in the countries where Bohemian is the spoken language. The value of the Bohemian poem, however, is so much greater, as the German original no longer exists. In the varied form which the story received in Bohemia, it was transferred to the folk-literature of the Russians and Magyars, and from the Bohemian was re-translated into German.

In the first number of his "Studien zur Geschichte der Alt-Böhmischen Literatur," our author discusses "Sankt Prokops Lebn-Trua." This is not an especially remarkable, but is nevertheless an interesting poem, from which he endeavours to prove that it was written at the end of the thirteenth century, and that its author, a monk of the Benedictine Cloister, Sagava, was the founder of the monastery of the holy Prokop. The authority on which the poem rests is the biography of the saint to be found in the so-called "Chronikon Sagaviense," or actually in the more extended Latin legend, which again originated in the shorter narrative. From the Bohemian poem (consequently not before the beginning of the 14th century) arose the legend, the Latin version of which may be read in the "Acta Sanctorum" ascribed by our author to a contemporary of the Saint.

At the commencement of the second number of these "Studien," Feifalik treats the "Bruchstücke eines Alt-Böhmischen Manneslebens." By way of introduction he makes some remarks on the foreign legendary lore which has been adopted into the ancient Bohemian literature, and calls special attention to traces of familiarity with the German heroic traditions. The fragment which is here submitted to examination was first published in 1855 in the Report of the Bohemian Museum, and was erroneously looked on as the history of Samuel and Hannah his mother. According to our own view, Feifalik proves uncontestedly that it is a fragment of the life of the Holy Virgin, founded upon the so-called "Evangelium de Nativitate B.V. Marie," of the pseudo Mattheus, and strikingly resembles the German *Manneleben* of Weinber. The third number, under the title "Herr Smil, genannt Flaska von Pardule" is taken up with a discussion on the life and works of one of the most important personages in Bohemian literature, and at the same time the first whose names and works we know, Smil von Pardule, who belonged to one of the most noble Bohemian houses, was grand-nephew of the first archbishop of Prague. Ernest von Pardule was born 1340–1350, played an important part in the political struggles of Bohemia at the end of the 14th century, and fell in a private feud at Kuttenberg in 1403. Under his name are collected a number of works which, in our author's opinion, do not all belong to him.

Whether the collection of ancient Bohemian adages and proverbs, which an old writer ascribes to him, is really his work, Feifalik leaves undecided, as undoubtedly appertaining to him, he notes 65 and 64, so-called "Nunn Rath der Thiere," in great variety, of which, upon his accession, the beasts of 60 guineas. Every lion-monarch some good counsel, correct performance guaranteed upon fair grounds, considered allegorical significant young lion, Werner dates about 1300.

\* Zwei Böhmisches Volksbücher zur Sage von Reinfrid von Braunschweig. Wien, 1859. Nachtrag dazu, 1860. Studien zur Geschichte der alt-Böhmischen Literatur I–IV. Wien, 1859–60. Untersuchungen über Alt-Böhmische Vers- und Reimkunst I. Wien, 1859. Aus den Sitzungsberichten der Philosophisch-historischen Klasse der K. Akademie der Wissenschaften.

founded upon an ancient Bohemian poem—the Council of Beasts—usually ascribed to the 13th century, but it is probably of much earlier date, even earlier than Smil; at the same time, probably a poem in low German, “The Assembly of the Council of Beasts” was floating in his mind, and, indeed, all through the influence of some middle age beast-book or physiologus is perceptible; the precise source cannot be accurately ascertained. Smil’s important, and in many lights interesting, poem was translated into very mediocre and tedious Latin verse by the Bishop of Olmütz, Johannes Dulrarius, at the beginning of the 16th century.

Another poem, which, in tone and idea, as well as in treatment of verse and metre, resembles the “Nunn Rath der Thiere,” called “Der Rath des Vaters an seinen Sohn,” is, for the above reasons, ascribed to Smil. In this poem the poet puts into the mouth of a knightly old father a string of laws and maxims, by which, in those days, the flower of the knightly chivalry were disciplined. These he communicates to his son on the occasion of his solemn investiture with the sword.

Two other poems, which on grounds scarcely tenable have been attributed to Smil, Feilalik positively asserts do not belong to him—namely, the “Kampf des Wassers mit dem Weine”—the contents of which the title describes, after a Latin original, “Dialogus inter Aquam et Vinum,” falsely said to be by Walter Mapes, and then “Der Stallmeister und der Schüler.” This, like the former, belongs to the class of poems so frequently met with in the middle ages, a kind of wrangling controversial poem upon precedence of position, or pre-eminence of one thing over another. In rhyme and metre, in the entire treatment, considerable diversity is perceptible when compared with Smil’s other productions; the tone and execution suggest their origin in much humbler sources.

The fourth number contains a legend of St. Anselm in more ancient form than the debased one of the old Bohemian poem—containing the legend of the well-known vision of St. Anselm, to whom the Blessed Virgin reveals visions—circumstances of the passion of our Lord. The source of the old Bohemian poem is the “Dialogus B. Marie et Anselmi de passione Domini,” alleged to be written by St. Anselm.

We are fully justified in regarding these able dissertations, contained in the report of the Philosophical Historical Class of the Royal Academy of Sciences, as prefacing a complete work on the Bohemian literature; to judge by the above named we may look for a valuable book. A sequel to these treatises is formed by one upon “Alt-Böhmische Vers und Reimkunst,” upon the “Dreitheilige lyrische Strophe.” It is proved that the rule by which the lyrische strophe must consist of three measures—of which the two first must correspond, while the third is of different length—is applicable also to the ancient Bohemian poetry, for which the strophic measure has been hitherto rejected. As proof of the correctness of the assertion, a series of poems are subjoined. Into this purely formal branch of literary study the author purposes to make further research.

#### CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

The Danes have recently lost their great modern poet and dramatist, Johann Ludwig Heiberg. He was born in 1791, the son of a poet of some note among his own people. Heiberg made his appearance, at the age of twenty-three, as a dramatic writer, and had great success. He then became a tutor, or professor in the University of Copenhagen, but soon got into philosophical hot water with some of his colleagues, and quitting Denmark he went to France, and resided for some time in Paris, making the French theatre his particular study. On his return he was appointed professor of aesthetics in the University of Kiel. A year afterwards he set out for Germany, and in Berlin made the acquaintance of Hegel and his system. On his return to Denmark, he conceived it to be his duty to proselytise his pupils to Hegelianism. His professional duties did not, however, absorb his entire attention from the stage, and to him Denmark is chiefly indebted for the introduction of the opera. He wrote

numerous pieces to this end, all of which obtained great success. Married to the first actress of her day, he conceived that now his proper vocation was the management of the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen. His aesthetic studies led him to introduce many novelties into the direction and stage appointments, the consequence of which was that he had soon a swarm of conservatives about his ears, and was obliged to resign his office, when matters returned to their old condition. His poetical works first appeared in nine volumes (1833-41). A second edition in eight volumes appeared (1844-51). His prose works were published in three volumes (1841-44). Heiberg had many opponents through his dogmatism, but as a poet he was the boast of his country, to whom he was greatly endeared.

The much talked of and long expected work by Professor Tischendorf has at length reached England, and will doubtless be eagerly perused by archaeologists and Biblical students. It is handsomely, and we doubt not accurately, printed. From an inspection of the volume, there is every evidence of painstaking. We give the title-page in full, as it fully indicates the contents of the volume—“Notitia editionis codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici auspices Imp. Alexandri III. susceptæ. Accedit catalogus codicum nuper ex Oriente Petropolini perlatorum. Item Origenis Scholia Proverbia Salomonis partim nunc partim secundum atque emendatus editi. Cum duabus tabulis lapidi incis. Edidit Enoth. Frid. Const. Tischendorf. Lipsiæ.” (a)

There does not appear to be much literary activity in the German book press at present, but we note several arrivals of more or less interest. Twelve volumes have appeared of a curious work, by Fr. Büllau, on “Secret Histories and Enigmatical Men” (b). It properly describes itself as a collection of facts respecting concealed or forgotten men. For example, the largest portion of the last volume is devoted to the embassy of Hugo Grotius to France, and to the Count Königsmark.

Books of travel appear to have a large demand; the consequence being that every one who travels a few leagues beyond the boundaries of his own country must incontinently, on his return, sit down to write his experiences, and then find a publisher for them. A run appears lately to have been made on the East, and thus we have “A Thousand and One Days in the East” (c), by F. Bodenstadt, which has already reached a third edition, in one compact volume instead of three. “Aus Egypten,” by L. A. Frank, is only the continuation of his former work, “Nach Jerusalem.” He resided for some time at Alexandria and Cairo, and made rambles to the pyramids—with which we are now almost as familiar as with Shooter’s Hill—to Heliopolis, which is better known than the remains of Verulam, and to the petrified forest, which we shall soon know as much about as the Bog of Allan. Travellers see strange sights and tell strange tales, and some of the tales here told are rather suspicious. The author relates in full four stories, which, he says, he heard an Eastern story-teller tell. Now, he confesses his ignorance of Arabic, and unless his dragoman was at the same time a short-hand writer, one cannot understand how he can give such a full and particular account of all that dropped from the professional story-teller’s lips. “Three Months in the East,” (Drei Monate im Orient), by a Northlander, we counsel no one to waste his time or money upon. The man has been in Egypt, in Palestine, in Syria, in Turkey, Asia Minor, yea, in Persia, during this space. He has skimmed these countries rapidly, and what can we expect from his pen but skim? A far better book, indeed a highly interesting book, is from the hand of an anonymous writer—“From Moldavia, Scenes and Sketches” (d). The author has lived long in the country, knows the language of the people, has studied their manners and customs, and writes, consequently, with authority. Here we have fresh and lively reading.

Dr. Lallemand, who last year published his “Travels in South Brazil in 1858,” has since given us

(a) Nutt; London.

(b) Geheime Geschichte, &c. Von F. Büllau. Leipzig. (London: Nutt.)

(c) Tausend und ein Tag im Orient. Von F. Bodenstadt. Berlin. (London: Nutt.)

(d) Aus der Moldau. Von W. V. K. Leipzig. (London: Nutt.)

his “Travels in North Brazil in 1859” (e). Here he describes his journey through the provinces of Bahia, Pernambuco, Alagartos, and Sergope, with lively sketches of the white and black populations of the towns, and of the inhabitants of the primeval forests—the Botokudes. He unveils, above all, the wretched conditions of the Germans and Dutchmen who have been enticed to the Macuri, by heartless soul-sellers, as he terms them, who are there decimated by hunger and a pestilential air. It was mainly in their interests that he undertook his journey, and the representations he made at Rio Janeiro have had the effect of greatly mitigating their condition.

In France, a new edition of Brantôme is in course of publication. Three volumes have already appeared, carefully edited by M. Merimée, of the Academy. The form is that known as the Elzevir, whose editions are so greatly prized by bibliophiles. M. Merimée precedes the volumes by a study of the works and life of Brantôme, and M. Louis Lacour furnishes a bibliography, the result of much research and patience. Of Brantôme, we need here observe merely, that his life was the exact picture of the times in which he lived. He was a Frenchman, ardent, volatile, and not troubled with too much conscience. He was an indifferent Catholic, and perhaps would have been a Protestant, but for the revenues of his abbacy. Brantôme is no great hand with his pen; he daubs, but his daubs have life in them. He has no sentiment, no moral elevation, no loyalty, and would perhaps have served another cause. He was a courtier, and very much is summed up in that word. He records virtue and vice with equal coolness. In his age love of country did not exist; love of sovereign was the sole local tie. In the notices which are here given of Charles VII., Louis XII., Francis I., Bayard, Charles V., and many others, the historical student will find much which casts light on this extraordinary age.

M. Chassin has published a book on the poet of the Hungarian revolution, Alexandre Petöfi, who in his songs never separates the idea of glory from that of liberty. After having cried “To arms!” he took arms himself, and died in the cause of his country. It is he who sings:—

“Pour mon amour, je donne  
Ma vie;  
Et pour la liberté  
L’amour.”

(e) Reise durch Nord Brasilien, im Jahre, 1859. Leipzig (London: Nutt.)

ENGLAND, thanks to having handed her magnificent provinces of Oregon and Vancouver, as well as that noble stream the Columbia to the entire monopoly of the Hudson Bay Company, knew nothing of the value or resources of the islands of the Pacific; and the good-natured public appreciated about as much the geographical, commercial, or political importance of our position in the Pacific, as Englishmen usually do of anything off the map of Europe. Suffice it, that in one and the self-same year, we were cheated out of Oregon, and the Mexicans were robbed of the Californias, and by May, 1846, the United States stood with both feet upon the shores of the Pacific, the real mistress of the situation, overawing the puny states of South America upon the one hand, and on the other stretching out her right arm towards the rich and densely peopled countries lying on the Asiatic coasts of the same sea.—Capt. SHERARD OSBORN, in *Once a Week*.

MR. O’NEILL’S picture of *Mozart* is now on view at Mr. Fromer’s, of 66, New Street, Birmingham. This is the first time it has been publicly exhibited, and we understand the painting will shortly be brought to town, for the inspection of the musical and artistic world of London.

A SILVER MEDAL has been awarded to Mr. Thorley for his famous Cattle Food Condiment. The following is a copy of the letter from the Keighley Agricultural Society on the subject:—“Keighley, 3rd Oct., 1860. Sir,—I am directed by the committee of the Keighley Society to forward to you the Society’s Silver medal on account of the Cattle Food you exhibited at their Show on the 5th September. I forward this letter and the medal by the same post.—I am, Sir, yours truly,—R. FAWCETT, Secretary. Mr. J. Thorley, London.”—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE MR. GODFREY CUNNINGHAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—In the notice of the death of Mr. George Godfrey Cunningham, which I much regret to observe in the "Athenæum" of last week, the "Parliamentary Gazetteer of England and Wales" is, by mistake, classed amongst his able contributions to literature; while an excellent work of a similar kind on Scotland, of which he was the author, or chief editor and compiler, is not included amongst those given as prepared by him for the press. As both of these works were issued simultaneously by one and the same publishers, it may have been that the mistake originated in this way. The "Parliamentary Gazetteer of England and Wales," however, was compiled and prepared for the press by me, and under my sole care and literary responsibility, as chief editor, all the principal articles on counties, cities, towns, &c., London inclusive, having been written by me, as well as much of the remainder, though aided in statistical and other details by several sub-editors; the work being a voluminous and laborious, as well as costly one, which required three years to prepare, even with this assistance.

Both works, I may add, were published by the well-known firm of Fullarton and Co., of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, of which Mr. Cunningham was a partner; and it may have been that he personally superintended all the re-editions or re-issues of the "Parliamentary Gazetteer" for the fifteen years which have passed since I prepared it, first of all, for the press.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN E. DOVE.

London, 10th October, 1860.

MR. MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—I have read with great interest the article in your journal of the 29th ult., in reference to the monopoly enjoyed by Mr. Mudie. I have read with equal surprise what Mr. Mudie has been pleased to call "his appeal to the better sense of the public," in the columns of the "Athenæum." This "appeal" is no reply whatever to your charges; it shirks any attempt at refutation. Permit me, then, distinctly to repeat the charges made by you, and echoed, if not boldly, at all events in acquiescent, half-suppressed whispers, by the entire "trade," excepting, of course, your correspondent, "A London Publisher," the tone of whose letter will be held, I am afraid, to speak but very little for the independence of our fraternity.

I challenge Mr. Mudie to contradict *seriatim* the following charges, which, if he do, I will undertake to establish:—

1st. I assert that Mr. Mudie will only admit into his library books that he can get at half-price.

2d. That this pernicious system is destructive of all sound commerce in the book trade; for no bookseller will speculate to any extent whilst he knows that at no remote date Mr. Mudie will command the public by underselling him.

3d. That he suppresses at pleasure works which are opposed to his own religious opinions. The "Guardian" of this week appeals strongly to its readers on this point.

4th. That in order to enable him to carry out effectually this sectarian persecution, his shopmen resort to all kinds of tricks to induce Mr. Mudie's subscribers to believe that the books asked for, and long obtainable, are "not out," "not ready," &c.

5th. Mr. Mudie asserts his right to be critical. I deny that to be criticism which derives its licence from the false statements he instructs his shopmen to make. If such instructions do not come from him, how does he defend such irresponsibility?

These are the charges made by you, and which I distinctly reiterate, and which are echoed by the whole "trade." So far as I am concerned, I dare not publish a book which contains opinions that I believe to be contrary to those of Mr. Mudie. That the "Athenæum" should have published his "appeal" without inserting your original accusation, is only an acknowledgment to Mr. Mudie's very liberal advertising, and consistent with its attitude from the commencement.

I challenge Mr. Mudie to contradict my charges

as distinctly as I have made them.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
PATERNOSTER ROW,  
11th October, 1860.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—Mr. Mudie, in his foolish letter, has answered nothing. I could tell you, if I dared, (and if I did dare, Mr. Mudie would know how to resent it), of many popular works which Mr. Mudie has suppressed this season by means of the machinery he has for refusing works for every reason but the true one. He is supported by the "Saturday Review," chiefly because he is the tool of the "Muscular Christian." He is supported by the "Times," because he takes very good care to push the circulation of every work written by a "Times" writer. He is supported by the "Athenæum," (the conduct of which we know something of through Sir E. B. Lytton,) for the same reasons: but, sir, there is hardly a publisher who has not, at one time or another, said all that you have written. Still, Mr. Mudie will not forget those who come forward now to do his dirty work. Mr. Mudie, as you say, has destroyed the very commerce of bookselling by underselling the booksellers. He can make or he can mar any author that he pleases, and this despotism he exercises as such a man would. Some time since he took a certain number of a book of mine—of course, at half-price, for he expressly said, "If I don't have it at half-price, I won't have it at all." Within a few weeks he was selling it for a shilling less per copy than he gave me for it, offering it "at a greatly reduced price." The sale of the book has stopped; the public go to Mr. Mudie; they will not come to me. Never mind that, "A London publisher" says. So long as there is any chance for toadyism, he will have something to tell. The trade are with you almost to a man.—Your obedient servant,  
October 8, 1860.

A PUBLISHER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—Why style Mr. Mudie's library a monopoly? We must really enter our respectful protest against this assertion, which, if uncontradicted, would lead to the inference that but one library exists by which the public are well supplied with books. So far is this from being the case, that to our knowledge there are now in London at least three other libraries of magnitude, each with a largely-increasing business, and all affording the public accommodation fully equal to that to be obtained in New Oxford Street, and on the same terms. The public have in this matter really nothing of which to complain. If books when wanted are not procurable at one library, let another be tried, and a remedy for the evil will soon be found; nor is there the least reason to fear that the cause of morality will suffer by the result.

Permit us to add that we have not the slightest ill-feeling towards Mr. Mudie, who, indeed, as the originator of cheap subscriptions, we cannot help thinking has been a public benefactor.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

HOOKEHAM AND SONS,

Library, 15, Old Bond Street.

The following letter has been addressed to the Editor of the "Guardian" and appeared in the columns of that journal on Wednesday last:—

"MIRIAM MAY" AND MR. MUDIE.

"Sir,—Permit me to draw your attention and that of your readers to an article in the 'Literary Gazette' of Saturday last on the subject of 'Mr. Mudie's monopoly.' I do not know whether any of the evils or abuses there complained of are exaggerated; but I am able personally to confirm the truth of much of what is advanced. I will take one instance of a book that Mr. Mudie has done his best to suppress by a very ungenerous and unwarrantable system of persecution. For many weeks after its publication, and whilst a second edition was being advertised, the subscribers to Mr. Mudie's library were told that 'Miriam May' was 'not out.' I, as one of the public, thought this strange, and as some of my friends were told at a Bond Street library that the book had been some time out, I began to suspect a reason and a motive for the

delay at Mr. Mudie's establishment. When the book was elsewhere obtained, it was discovered that one of the principal characters in the book (not very favourably introduced) was a Dissenting preacher. I subsequently discovered that Mr. Mudie himself is a Dissenting preacher. Your clerical readers will see that I have sufficiently explained the animus that suggested the suppression of this book; but Mr. Mudie's subsequent conduct gives us further evidence. Some weeks later, his subscribers are informed that 'Miriam May' is withdrawn. Now here is a book which I myself have seen most favourably and warmly commended in nearly all the leading reviews—withdrawn. And why? Of course every reason was given but the true one. Whilst it may very well be supposed that the request for its withdrawal was a fiction, permit me to ask, Should a book be withdrawn at the instigation of a minority?—not that I am assuming that such a request, if ever preferred, was the real cause of its suppression. I know enough from the fate of other books of a similar tendency, that Mr. Mudie is by no means above these little tricks, to crush a work he personally dislikes. If you and your readers will examine into this, you will find that 'Miriam May' is not the only High Church fiction against which Mr. Mudie, by a series of covert attacks, has declared himself. I take it to be libellous for a public library to pronounce a work unfit for public reading; and I very much wish some author would make an example of Mr. Mudie. It is not because Mr. Mudie has refused his subscribers a book that has reached its fourth edition, that I invite you and your readers to examine for themselves the system on which his monopoly is conducted, but because this sort of proceeding is not at all exceptional; nor is it because Mr. Mudie, who has an unchecked power, holding in his hands a despotism that is absolute, is a Dissenter, that therefore he is to be discarded; but it is well worth the attention of the entire body of the clergy (Mr. Mudie's chief supporters) to consider whether the interests of Church literature can be with any safety left in the hands of a man who pushes his principles with his trade.

"A CHURCHMAN."

We also quote some of our contemporary's remarks on the subject:—

"Our correspondent who signs himself 'A Churchman' confirms this statement; and we are sorry to say that we have the testimony of several distinct and independent witnesses to the same effect. Either works of an acknowledged merit, if they are written in the spirit of a Churchman, are not on the list; or, if the author be of such a standing that Mr. Mudie dare not exclude his book from his list, there is always a difficulty in obtaining it. It is complained, for instance, that applications for any of the Bishop of Oxford's books, have been met with evasive answers from the shopmen. We have been told of one case where one of our readers asked for a book which had been favourably reviewed in our columns, and four times he was met, not by a distinct statement that the book was not in the library, but by some excuse or other. To the article in the 'Literary Gazette' Mr. Mudie replies by a letter to the 'Athenæum,' but he does not deny a single one of his adversary's allegations. He says, 'I have always reserved the right of selection.' This, of course, quite explains the fact that Mr. Mudie, being a Nonconforming preacher, excludes High Church books from his list; but it does not explain the fact that an attempt to obtain from his library High Church works which are on his list, is generally met with evasive answers, while there is no difficulty in getting sceptical works, such as Buckle's 'History of Civilisation.' The English clergy and their families are a large body; their influence is extensive; they are generally reading people, and they form, we believe, a very large proportion of Mr. Mudie's subscribers. Now, the question is, will the English clergy permit to be told by a Dissenting minister what books they may and what they may not read? Will they suffer Mr. Mudie and his brother preachers to constitute themselves a literary Inquisition, and to establish a virtual 'Index expurgatorius,' by means of which every book that maintains the doctrines of the Church of England shall be smuggled into oblivion? If they won't submit to this, they ought

certainly to let Mr. Mudie hear of it."—*The Guardian*, Oct. 10.

#### EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—That the subject of education has taken a deep hold upon the public mind, is abundantly evident. Still, perhaps, few but those who have given much of their special attention to the question can realise how great has been the interest created therein among all classes during the last twenty years. That interest has exhibited itself in almost every conceivable form. The debates in Parliament, the immense sums of money which have been freely disbursed from the public purse by the Committee of Council, and as readily sanctioned by the people's representatives, bear witness to the great and growing interest which is felt by the nation at large in this great question. And this interest has been by no means confined to that branch of the subject which has been associated with the Parliamentary grant, and has therefore mainly concerned the education of the artisan and the labourer, and exhibited the most prominent phase of "national education." But it has been equally conspicuous in the case of our public schools, and the more numerous but equally important foundation and private schools which are to be met with in every town, and which are the main sources from which the education of our great middle class is, and must be, mainly derived. That there has not been that noticeable discussion upon them and their efficiency, which has been so markedly the case concerning the schools for the labourer or artisan, is due to the fact that in the latter case there is a stringent necessity for the thorough inspection of the efficiency of the work done, under the auspices and with the pecuniary aid of that department of the executive specially charged therewith, in order that the public may be satisfied that the sums which they have so ungrudgingly bestowed upon the work have not been without corresponding fruit.

That the interest, however, which is felt concerning the great work that is to be done by our largest foundations or our ordinary grammar schools is inferior to none that is bestowed upon any other phase of education, is clear from the tone of our daily and weekly press—from the sensitiveness to public opinion of even our largest schools—from the important movement of our great universities in the scheme of the middle-class examinations—and from the wide-spread interest attached to the growing system of competition for admission into the public service, both at home and abroad.

Let us look a little more fully into the above topics, and review briefly what has been done for the higher and middle classes of society in widening the basis of their education, and in striving to meet successfully the growing wants which an improved public opinion has brought prominently forward.

It is well known that, a few years ago, it became a proverb that the great bulk of the youths who had spent many years, and those the best in their life, for the reception of knowledge, in some of our most celebrated public schools, came forth from them most slenderly furnished for the intellectual and social struggle of life. Their studies had been confined solely to the gaining an acquaintance with the dead languages; and the number of those who were successful even in this single pursuit formed a poor and humiliating per centage of those who annually left these schools. Of all other subjects, the mass of the pupils were profoundly ignorant. The literature of their own country—that of the most distinguished continental nations—was never brought before them, nor was any part of their time devoted to such studies as would give them facilities for their future pursuit of them, if they had the leisure and inclination. The more humble, but equally valuable, requirements of ordinary arithmetic or elementary mathematics, were almost ignored, or if taught, were so thoroughly subordinated to an exclusively classical curriculum, that they were taught with little or no regard to the inculcation of principles; and their treatment led rather to produce disgust towards, than a desire for, the further cultivation of such studies. The same was partially true of the study of English history, modern geography, and the elements of natural philosophy. The consequence was, that the education which would render an English youth fit

for the calling of one of our merchant princes, our ablest financiers, architects, and engineers, was not to be found in our most celebrated public schools. And many parents who had spent large sums upon the education of their sons, found that if they desired them to occupy any of the above spheres, they must put them under private instruction when the time could often be but ill-spared, and thus strive to supplement the deficiencies which had been so palpably left unremedied by the school instructors to whom they had confided their sons.

Nor was the case much better in our ordinary grammar schools. An entire devotion to the study of Latin and Greek was the almost universal rule. And the mischief was greater than in the case of the great public schools. For these last were resorted to mainly by the sons of gentlemen or men of property, who could frequently spare both time and money to make up in some degree for the deficiencies of their public school education. But it was not so in the case of the alumni of our ordinary grammar schools. These institutions were peopled with the sons of the professional men and tradesmen of moderate or even small income, who had a right to look to the generosity of the founders of their schools for the means of obtaining such an education as should qualify their sons to fill places in society at least as good as those which their fathers had filled before them. But these schools were very slow to grant this boon. True, during the last twenty years they have done very much to fulfil this duty; but the improvement has been brought about by the wholesome pressure of public opinion. The middle class of our towns and country have declared unmistakably what education they desired, and would have, even if they paid for it. Hence sprung up many proprietary schools and collegiate institutions. And though many of these have had hard struggles, and some have even altogether succumbed, either through their want of discipline, or sometimes from the interference of meddling committees; yet they have mainly been beaten by the increased zeal and activity which they themselves have infused into the grammar schools. So that though their death has been caused by the shaft which their own wing has directed, yet they have done no slight service, if they have done no more than stimulate the old foundations to take up the van in the battle. They have shown them that they cannot keep their old vantage ground, unless they consent to satisfy the demands of a growing intelligence around, and educate the youths committed to them upon such a comprehensive and yet well-grounded system, as shall make them meet to sustain and increase the reputation of a nation which has to people, not only Great Britain, but then obtest colonies in the world, with a race of men who must fear no competition in arts, sciences, manufactures, and commerce; while they must yet not sully the repute for that sound and solid, though limited training, which characterised an education of a bye-gone day.

But in nothing has there been manifested a more striking improvement than in the religious instruction given in our great schools. We should feel it impossible to believe that now, as thirty years ago, the head-master of one of our largest public schools could say, when the subject of some immorality was brought to his notice as prevalent in his school, that his business was to teach his boys Greek, and not morals. No; thanks mainly to Dr. Arnold, and the earnest band of men who have sprung up, either under his immediate care, or as admirers of his devotion to the cause of education in its noblest and widest sense, our foundation schoolmasters, whether in wider or in more limited spheres, are impressed with the responsibility and opportunities of their position as the great influencers of the young. They know that the lessons of sound morals, truthfulness, and honour which they are bound to teach, and to follow up by exemplification in their own persons, will fail of much of their due influence unless they are drawn from the highest source, even from the book of inspiration. Hence the study of the Scriptures has become an important feature in the curriculum of our schools, and the contents thereof are no longer looked upon as a mere collection of historical facts which every well-informed man should know, nor as only containing a body of sound doctrine to which every orthodox Christian should sub-

scribe. But that Book is viewed as a storehouse of truths the most important that the student can learn; as an armoury of argument against the assaults of scepticism on the one hand, or of superstition on the other; and its lessons of wisdom and love are held out as the guide of the young man's life, and every effort is made to cast the plastic mind of the young in the mould of Christian purity; so that the parents of the present generation may thankfully and successfully look for a comprehensiveness, earnestness, and reality, in the education of their sons, which their parents had in vain sought for in a past generation.

Amidst all the causes, however, which have concurred to give a direction and improved tone to public school education, few have been so powerful as the institution of examinations for admission into the public service. And it is somewhat singular that the introduction of this new system into India, or rather the recommendation of such introduction, preceded the movement for a similar mode of admission in England. Perhaps the magnitude of the prizes at stake, and the jealousy which characterised the legislation bearing upon the admission of cadets into the Indian service, whereby patronage was stringently watched, and it was rendered penal to use pecuniary influence to obtain an employment, with the occasional scandal that would break out when those laws were violated, first led to the consideration of such an improvement in the system as should remove such blot upon it, and do away with the common imputation that interest and incompetency were generally united, and that the present and future well-being of India were being imperilled for the sake of keeping up a system of patronage for the few. And no doubt the masterly report of Nov., 1854, which, even if it had not borne the subscription of T. B. Macaulay, yet bore intrinsic evidence of its authorship, not only gave the final blow to the patronage system of Indian appointments, but paved the way for a modified introduction of the same principle of examination into the fitness of candidates, which has now taken such hold among our institutions, and bids fair to render our public servants, whether soldiers or civilians, no longer a bye-word for incompetency and intellectual deficiency. The discussions thereon in Parliament, and the frequent comments upon the methods or the results of the examinations by letters or articles in our leading daily papers, testify to the widening and deepening interest which the subject has created. Englishmen are somewhat slow to take up a novel scheme; and they choose their plans, as they generally do their friends, warily; but we venture to say that, so well are they satisfied both with the principles and details of the present system of competitive examinations for public appointments, that they will be slower in parting with it than they were in embracing it.—Yours &c., F. C.

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The Bonds will be issued at £180 sterling per Bond of 1,000 dollars—to include the coupon (value £7) due 1st January, 1861, and will be delivered on 1st January, or earlier at the option of the purchaser. Each Bond will bear £14 per annum interest, estimating the dollar at 4s.

The Bonds represented by these Bonds is finished, its cost is known and liquidated, and its interest and dividends will be paid from its actual earnings.

That of the four great lines now running east and west, will give an annual return upon the whole cost, capital and Bonds, of 17.35 per cent., after deducting a given tract cost of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway is 37,000 dollars per mile, say £7,400 sterling. Hence, an average receipt per annum, after deducting the interest on the Bonds, will be 17.35 per cent.

Every information of the Company, No. 11, St. Helen's Place, Bishopsgate Street, London.